The Outlook

Volume 85 Saturday, April 27, 1907 Number 17

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THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The fourth issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada $1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union $1.56 should be added for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

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HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1907

Peace and Forcible Disarmament

The city of New York is now in the throes of disarming by force hundreds of citizens who prefer to settle their disputes by the use of weapons of war instead of by an appeal to the courts. It is a curious and striking coincidence that this practical demonstration of the recognized barbarism of shooting and stabbing men in order to obtain one's rights or to avenge fancied or real injuries should come just at the time of the gathering of the great Peace Congress. A week ago last Sunday in a public park a young Italian shot another Italian because of a fancied insult. Two unarmed policemen, with excellent records for bravery and faithfulness, attempted to arrest the would-be murderer and were shot by him. One of the officers died on the operating-table immediately after the encounter, leaving a young wife and child. The circumstances of his death were so pathetic as to call public attention to the fact, which has aroused widespread public indignation, that there have been in New York in recent months numerous assaults with deadly weapons among the lower classes of Italian immigrants. There is on the statute-book a law forbidding under severe penalties the carrying of concealed weapons, but it has not been very vigorously enforced. Upon the death of Policeman Sechler the Police Commissioner and the City Magistrates determined to bring this law into the fullest operation. In ten days literally hundreds of men were arrested for carrying revolvers or dirks, and heavily fined or imprisoned. The major part of these offenders were Italians, probably because the Italian of this class in his own country has been accustomed to settle his personal difficulties by attacking his enemy himself, instead of appealing to the courts for protection or redress. But there was no racial discrimination on the part of the authorities, and the overwhelming majority of our Italian citizens, who are peaceable and law-abiding, heartily approve of this crusade to establish arbitration, or the processes of the law, in place of personal combat or private war. It is not straining a point to indicate the very close analogy between this situation in New York City and the international situation. Public opinion in New York overwhelmingly demands the abolition of armed conflicts and the maintenance of peace and good order in her streets; we cannot have the abolition of international wars and the maintenance of international peace without a similar international public opinion. New York has established courts (that is to say, arbitration conferences) with full authority to settle all questions of disagreement, civil and criminal, between her citizens, and if it were not for these courts citizens would be compelled to resort to personal combat and vigilance committees, as they did in the pioneer days of the Western frontier; international combats, that is to say war, will continue until the nations establish an international court with requisite authority to settle international disputes. But in New York there are still ill-educated, selfish, or vicious men who insist on fighting in spite of the courts, and it is therefore necessary for the courts in turn to insist upon the forcible disarmament of these citizens who interfere with the peace of the city; so it will be necessary for the peace-loving nations of the world to authorize their international court to disarm vicious or recalcitrant nations. But, again, the New York courts cannot forcibly disarm robbers, murderers, or violators of the peace without a body of well-trained and brave men who are themselves skilled in the use of arms—

that is to say, the police; so it will be necessary for the nations of the world to maintain suitable navies and armies which shall constitute the police force of the international court, and which shall under its direction maintain peace. About eight thousand policemen are necessary to maintain peace in New York City. Eighty thousand, however, would be not only absolutely unnecessary for this purpose, but would themselves be a menace to peace and freedom as well as a great burden on the taxpayer. The advocate of international peace who appeals for the total abolition of all armies and navies advocates the destruction of the instruments by means of which law may maintain peace. It is nevertheless true that with the establishment of an international court the armies and navies of the world may be and ought to be very much reduced in numbers and in cost.

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Education in the South

In preceding years it has been the custom of members of the Conference for Education in the South to gather at some Southern center of population. Not the least, therefore, of its effects has been the impression it has made directly upon a number of important Southern communities. So beneficial have been these public meetings that city after city has invited the Conference for the sake of the benefit it would receive. This year, however, this custom has been suspended. Instead of gathering in a city, the members assembled for the Tenth Annual Conference at the Hotel Carolina, Pinehurst, North Carolina, and devoted their time, not to popular gatherings at all, but solely to mutual consultation. There were many addresses, of course, and reports of them were published; but they were addressed primarily, not to the public, but to the members of the Conference. As an organized body the Conference this year was put to a severe test. It missed the inspiration and the elevating influence of Mr. Robert C. Ogden's personality. For years Mr. Ogden has been President of the Conference. His strong hand has been felt in its organization, and his pacific spirit has won for the Conference the friendship of many who had been distrustful. This year, unhappily, Mr. Ogden has been forced by ill health to abandon many of his activities, and could not attend the Conference. He was nevertheless re-elected President. He will, of course, be saved from the burdens which have heretofore fallen upon him by virtue of his official position. In spite of his absence, the gathering was large, and, as the members of the Conference expressed it in a telegraphic message to Mr. Ogden, his spirit ruled.

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Among Southern Farmers

Two lines of development were clearly indicated in the addresses and consultations. The first is the extension of secondary or high schools, for which a steadily increasing appropriation is made in almost every one of the Southern States. The reports from State Superintendents, to which an entire session was given, were most interesting and encouraging. The second is the prominence given to agriculture in the educational system of the South. Governor Terrell, of Georgia, for instance, in his admirable address laid emphasis on the recently enacted law which establishes in each of the eleven Congressional districts in that State an agricultural high school to work in harmony with and subsidiary to the State agricultural college. All but one of the addresses on the last day of the Conference were devoted to the general subject of improvement in agricultural conditions. The most impressive of these addresses was given by Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, of the United States Department of Agriculture. He stated that while eighty-five per cent. of the people of the South must get their living by rural pursuits, the present productivity of the soil in the Southern States is only $160 per man as against $1,000 per man in the State of Iowa. The fundamental problem before the Southern farmer is how he may make his land more productive and more profitable. Dr. Knapp has devised and put into operation in two States a system of local co-operative demonstration work, supported by the National Government, and Dr. Buttrick, of the

General Education Board, stated that funds would be provided for the establishment of these demonstration farms in the other Southern States. Dr. Knapp gave this suggestive outline of the process of changing the environment of a farmer:

> First, the farmer is selected to conduct a simple and inexpensive demonstration. Second, a contract is drawn with the United States Department of Agriculture, by which he agrees to follow certain instructions. Third, better seed is furnished him, and his name is published in the papers. Fourth, each month when the Government's Field Agent goes to inspect his Demonstration, many of his neighbors are invited; consequently, he will almost unconsciously improve his farm so as to be ready for company, and cultivate all of his crops better. Fifth, a report of his extra crop is made in the county papers. His neighbors talk about it and want to buy seed. Sixth, he sells the seed of his crop at a high price; his neighbors ask him how he produced it; he is invited to address public assemblies; he has become a man of note and a leader of the people, and cannot return to his old ways. Soon there is a body of such men; a township, a county, and finally a State is transformed.

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A Novel Idea

The address of Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Alabama, contained what is perhaps the most novel suggestion presented during the Conference. Captain Hobson believes that it is the duty and the privilege of all members of Congress to afford definite aid in the education of their constituents, and has already arranged to carry his belief into effect so far as his own district is concerned. The statement of his plan was received with great interest. On the first of May Captain Hobson will start, with at least four Government experts, on an eleven-day tour of his district, each of the five members of the party to deliver brief addresses in three or four places each day. One of his companions will be an expert on road-making, one an expert on soils, one an expert forester, and one from the Department of Education. The addresses of each of these will be simple and filled with definite information, and it is hoped that most of the voters in the district will be reached. Captain Hobson also proposes to avail himself of the National resources for the making of a mile of perfect roadway in his district, as an object-lesson for the local highway commissioners. He further proposes to secure the printing of some, if not all, of these speeches in the Congressional Record, to the end that it may be sent, under the franking law, to all the voters in the district; and he believes that other Congressmen will find the plan of such interest and value that they will follow in his footsteps. Another idea proposed by Captain Hobson was the preparation by leading educators of short addresses applicable to local conditions, with the idea that all candidates for office should be provided with these brief, practical addresses, to the end that the subject of education may become an issue in every campaign, local, State, or National, and that the best thought of the leading educators shall be disseminated among all the people. An afternoon session of the Conference was devoted to the work of women. The presiding officer, Mrs. Patterson, won the enthusiastic approval of the audience by keeping the numerous speakers within their time limit, and the speakers themselves, who reported the progress of volunteer educational work in practically every State in the South, were notably successful in compressing a volume of important information into the very limited time devoted to each address. Great progress has been made during the past two years in the development and the co-ordination of the volunteer educational associations, which have for their object the enlargement of school facilities and the development of educational sentiment throughout the South.

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The Mutual Life Election

The long-drawn-out canvass of the vote for trustees in the Mutual Life Insurance Company has come to an end. The "administration" ticket is elected by a vote of nearly three to one over the ticket proposed by the International Policy-holders' Committee; an average vote of about one hundred and eighty-six thousand is reported for the names on the successful ticket, an average vote of about sixty-five thousand for the unsuccessful candidates. Charges of extensive fraud in the securing of votes have been made against the management of the Company by the managers of the International Committee; and it is announced that the election will be contested in the courts. The Company, on the other hand, asserts that if there is a legal contest it will be made simply for the sake of thwarting and annoying the management manifestly chosen by the great majority of policy-holders. The elected ticket was put in nomination by the present officials of the Mutual; and the new Board will, it is to be presumed, continue the principles and methods of administration which have been followed by the Company since its reorganization as a result of the revelations of the Armstrong Committee. It will be remembered that four members of the International Policy-holders' Committee—General Benjamin F. Tracy, Judge George Gray, Mr. H. N. Higginbotham, and Mr. Alfred M. Shook—were nominated on the "administration" ticket; and that the action of the Company's officials in naming them was denounced by the International Committee as a trick. It is announced by President Peabody, of the Mutual, that three of these men have consented to serve, and that Judge Gray has declined on account of pressing public duties. In deciding to commit their interests for another year into the hands of the present managers of the Company, the Mutual policy-holders have taken the course which The Outlook recommended throughout the campaign. They have preferred to continue in control a management which had been purged of its objectionable elements by its reorganization, and which, in the persons of many of its members, had wide experience in life insurance business, rather than to elect a Board composed of men who, however honorable and able, were certainly unknown and untried in the insurance field. In so doing, The Outlook believes that the policy-holders have done wisely. But an even more important duty lies before them. They must make the trustees of the Company feel their responsibility to them, and appreciate that the Company belongs to the policy-holders and that they will be held to account for their stewardship. If the officials and the trustees fail in their duty to the policy-holders, the policy-holders must see to it at the next election that they are replaced. Whether it is possible for the policy-holders, scattered throughout this country and others, and having nothing in common but their relation to the Company, to exert this influence and accomplish these ends, under the present law or under any practical revision of it, is a serious question which only the future can solve. On the answer to this question, in our opinion, rests the determination whether the mutual company is a legitimate and proper form of organization for the life insurance business. The canvass of the vote in this election has lasted almost exactly four months. The canvass in the case of the New York Life Insurance Company is not yet ended. The expense to the policy-holders has been very large. It is a pertinent question for the State Insurance Department and the Legislature whether the insurance law or the management of the department should not be amended to obviate this delay and this expense.

*

A Well-Planned Struggle with Vice

Almost every evil in America has an organized foe. However prevalent some forms of vice may be, it is well to remember that they do not flourish unmolested. One of these forms of vice in the city of New York is the so-called Raines Law hotel. Its intelligent and persistent antagonist is the Committee of Fourteen for the Suppression of the Raines Law Hotel in New York. According to the law which was fathered by State Senator John Raines, no persons can sell liquor on Sunday except such as take out a hotel license; on the other hand, any man can take out a hotel license who complies with certain provisions prescribing the number of rooms that his resort shall contain. Consequently, keepers of public bars who desire to avoid raids or blackmail for selling liquor on Sunday have been in the habit of attaching to their saloons the prescribed number of rooms in order to make them eligible for hotel licenses. These saloon-keepers, however, finding no economic demands for such accommodations as they provide, and being disinclined to allow these rooms to remain empty and unremunerative, have for the most part yielded to the temptation to allow, and indeed to promote, the illicit use of the rooms. Because these infamous places have the guise of restaurants and hotels, they are peculiarly effective lures for young men and traps for young women. How disreputable they are can be illustrated by contrast from a single case. On the outskirts of New York City, in the midst of a German population, a German and his wife kept a beer garden. Their patrons wanted their beer on Sunday, just as most Americans want their tea and coffee. So this honest couple added the requisite rooms to their place and obtained a hotel license. No one, however, under any circumstances, could rent a room from them. They preferred to lose the interest of the money invested in those rooms rather than allow their place to become like other Raines Law hotels. Against these noisome resorts the Committee of Fourteen is making a carefully planned fight. Organized at the City Club in January, 1905, it began by undertaking to change the liquor tax law. The first bill it promoted was so delayed in the Legislature that when passed it was rendered ineffective; the second, after it became law, was adjudged unconstitutional. Finally a measure introduced at the instance of the Committee became law. Under this, licenses can be granted only to those places which the building authorities in a city or town report as complying with the hotel laws. This measure has reduced the number of Raines Law hotels in New York City by about fifty per cent. Many of the places, however, which failed to obtain hotel licenses have continued in their nefarious business. To meet this exigency the Committee is working in two directions. By means of an Executive Secretary, Mr. F. H. Whitin, with an office at 27 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, it is, first, lending its assistance to State officers and local agencies in the enforcement of the law; second, it is persuading business interests involved to discountenance the illegal resorts. It has now the support of the largest brewers and surety companies. A brewing company advances the money for most of the places in which its beer is sold, and takes a mortgage; a surety company usually furnishes the bond required by the license. Proprietors of places to which the Committee object on account of their disreputable character have already learned that they have lost the financial support of the brewers and cannot obtain the requisite bonds from the surety companies. Without having any special theories or doctrines to promulgate, the Committee is thus striking at a known and universally recognized evil. It ought to have the good will and the necessary financial support of the citizens of New York.

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For the Protection of Young Women

Every big exposition is not only an embodiment of social health; it is also a center of attraction for human parasites. There is no reason to believe that the Jamestown Exposition will be an exception. There is no viler class of persons than that which preys upon young women. It is therefore well for all young women who intend to visit the Jamestown Exposition to know that there is an organized body, known as the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee, already in existence, to protect them from these enemies. The headquarters of the Committee are at 238 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City, and at 26 Plume Street, Norfolk, Virginia. Those who go with friends need advice only in case they become separated from their friends. They will receive it if they call at the Young Women's Christian Association Building on the grounds. There they can be restored to their friends, or find safe conduct to their boarding-places. Young women who are planning to go alone, with the expectation of earning their way, ought, however, to be on their guard. The Committee makes the statement, for their benefit, that they should be prepared to meet necessary expenses of not less than three dollars a day; that they ought to avoid competing with negro labor, which is used almost exclusively in the South; and that they can receive various kinds of assistance from the Committee. It offers to give any girl information about routes and about boarding-places, and to investigate advertisements or other offers of employment, if she will write to the New York headquarters; and if she writes to the Norfolk headquarters, giving the date, time, and train (or boat) by which she will arrive, and a description of some noticeable point in her personal appearance (as her hat) for identification, the Committee will see that she is met and directed on her way. Further information can be obtained from the Committee. Of course the Committee will be able to use contributions; and such can be sent to the treasurer, Miss Katharine L. Potter, at the New York address. There are a number of organizations co-operating in the work of this Committee. Among these may be mentioned the Young Women's Christian Association, the Council of Jewish Women, the Association of Catholic Charities, and the Girls' Friendly Society. A similar committee was active during the St. Louis and Portland Expositions, and helped many young women in the midst of serious dangers. A similar work in Jamestown will undoubtedly be similarly justified.

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Women's Work for Women

What this Committee undertakes to do in the special exigency of an exposition has been done and is being done regularly for young women traveling under usual conditions. This has been, for instance, a part of the regular work of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York. In that big city, where any one can easily be lost in the human wilderness, the unsuspicious and unprotected girl is in constant danger. Conditions of living and of working put upon many a young girl, whose instincts are sound, a downward pressure which is nearly if not quite irresistible. The Association finds for such safe homes, gives them advice, and even supplies industrial training which will free them in part from their state of economic helplessness. The office is at 7 East Fifteenth Street. The Girls' Friendly Society is likewise engaged in this task of protecting young women. It is devoted exclusively to giving personal oversight to girls to save them from ruin. It originated in England thirty-two years ago, and was established in this country two years later. It is now declared to be the largest and most widely spread of all the societies for women and girls in existence. It is carried on by communicants of the Episcopal Church. The only qualification for membership, however, is comprised in the rule: "No girl who has not borne a virtuous character to be admitted as a member; such character being lost, the member to forfeit her card." Personal oversight is systematized. For example, a young girl belonging to a branch of the Society in Scotland starts for America. One of the active workers of the Society, called an Associate, writes to inform the so-called "Commendation Associate" in the port for which the steamer sails; this Scotch girl is then met on her arrival. If she is going to work, for instance, in a shoe factory in Massachusetts, the Associate who meets her writes to the Commendation Associate in Massachusetts. So the Society keeps a watch over every such emigrating member. In one case a respectable English girl was thus saved from falling into the hands of an aunt in America who kept a notorious house; in another case a very attractive English girl, who had spent most of her life in an institution and had little knowledge of the world, traveled under the Commendation system by way of Liverpool, Montreal, and New York to Ohio with but ninepence in her pocket and without the slightest misadventure. The central office in America is at the Church Missions House, New York City. The work that such organizations as the Girls' Friendly Society, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee is doing ought to be widely known and generously supported.

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No Government Guarantee

Purchasers of food products and drugs will profit if they note an announcement made last week by Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture. The housekeeper who buys a can of vegetables, or a bottle of syrup, or any other prepared article for the table, is likely to misunderstand the statement on the label that the preparation is "guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906." This does not mean that the United States guarantees the purity of the article, or even that it is what the label declares it to be. The United States makes no guarantee whatever concerning it. "On the contrary," says the Secretary, "the statement means that the manufacturer of the article guarantees it to be pure, free from adulteration, and that he warrants every fact stated on the label to be true. It is the guarantee of the manufacturer, not the guarantee of the Government." If a dealer is found selling an impure or falsely labeled article, he is liable to punishment unless he can show a guarantee from the manufacturer. If he can show such a guarantee, then the manufacturer is held responsible. For this purpose the Department of Agriculture allows every manufacturer to file a general guarantee; it then assigns him a serial number for the purpose of identification. This guarantee and number, therefore, are signs, not of the Government's sanction, but of the manufacturer's responsibility. In spite of this fact, certain manufacturers are issuing advertisements which assert that the guarantee or the serial number stamps their products with the approval of the Government. "Such advertising . . . must be stopped," declared the Secretary, "and stopped at once, or I will do a little advertising myself in behalf of the people." In explanation of this statement he continued:

> I am thinking if this outrageous misrepresentation does not cease that the Department will publish a list bearing the names of the manufacturers who are indulging in this campaign of deception. In this list the Department will state that it has not analyzed the products represented by the advertisements, and hence has no actual knowledge of their purity or impurity, but that it advises the consuming public to judge the purity or impurity of the products according to the false representations made concerning the guaranty. In other words, manufacturers who will deceive the public about the guaranty will lie about the quality of their product.

This warning to advertisers is also a warning to housekeepers. Meats and meat products are examined by Government inspectors; no meats or meat products can enter inter-State commerce without having been passed by these officials representing the Government; but, although for the purpose of enforcing the law specimens of food and drugs will be examined by the Bureau of Chemistry, those products which are labeled to accord with the Pure Food and Drugs Act have not been inspected and passed by the Government. Every advertisement which gives the impression that under the Pure Food and Drugs Act the product named bears the Government approval ought to be read as a notice that that product had better be avoided.

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Technicalities and Justice

On December 30, 1903, the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago caused the death of nearly six hundred persons. The coroner's jury found several flagrant violations of the city theater ordinance, compliance with which would have saved many lives. Indictments were returned against persons considered responsible for the faulty conditions existing in the theater at the time of the fire, among them Mr. Will J. Davis, manager of the theater and president of the company that owned it. Mr. Davis was brought to trial only last month, or more than three years after the indictment. The proceedings were had in Danville, Judge Kimbrough, of the Circuit Court, presiding. A change of venue had been taken from Chicago on the ground that a fair trial could not be had in that city. After all this delay, the case was not heard upon its merits. Judge Kimbrough ordered a verdict for the defendant solely on the ground of the invalidity, in two respects, of the city ordinance recited in the indictment. Judge Kavanaugh, of Chicago, had previously refused to accept the same reasons as ground for quashing the indictment. Dean John H. Wigmore, of the Northwestern University Law School, in an editorial note in the April number of the Illinois Law Review, makes the proceedings in this case the text for comment on the shortcomings of our judicial system, which he characterizes as "a system of antiquated pedantry, unfitted to do the work that is required of it." All of the features which mark the failure even to reach a trial of fact in the Iroquois case, he says, are barren traditions of technicality, at war with good sense. It is this general lack of direct, modern, practical, working sense which he finds to be the depressing feature of our criminal procedure to-day. Dean Wigmore does not undertake to dispute the judge's interpretation of the law in the Iroquois case, although it is obvious that he does not agree with it. But he does assert that if the administration of the criminal law is what it is declared to be in that case, "then it is a travesty on our ideals—a worn-out, dilapidated temple of justice—the sooner torn down and rebuilt the better. The time has come for us," he adds, "to stand outside of it, to forsake our professional nooks and corners, to look at the structure in the bright, healthy light of common sense, and to ask whether it is not now a plain anachronism, ripe for a thorough renovation." Judge Kimbrough held the Chicago theater ordinance invalid because, in his opinion, it failed to impose expressly any personal duty upon the defendant, and because it applied to only a part of the city territory. As to the first objection, Dean Wigmore recites various provisions of the ordinance, calling for specific things to be done, which were not done, and also the following: "Any person, firm, company, or corporation, who violates, disobeys, omits, neglects, or refuses to comply with . . . the execution of any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be subject to a fine . . . and every such person, firm, company, or corporation shall be deemed guilty of a separate offense for every day such violation shall continue." Mr. Wigmore evidently deems it absurd that this language does not apply to the manager of the theater and the president of the company. The idea that an ordinance designed to safeguard life in the crowded amusement centers of a great city must also be made applicable to all parts of the city or be held invalid is also regarded as at war with common sense. The decision of Judge Kimbrough turned upon a question of interpretation of an ordinance. So far as the people were concerned, that decision is final. There can be no appeal to the Supreme Court. In view of all the features of the situation, Dean Wigmore regards it as unfortunate that a verdict of acquittal was ordered, when the trial judge might have entered a *nolle prosequi*, and thus have afforded the prosecution an opportunity to have the question of law raised elsewhere, especially in view of the fact that another judge of concurrent jurisdiction had already ruled differently on the same point of law.

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Real Preparation for the Ministry

As a sign of the fact that theological seminaries have been waking to the necessity of making themselves schools for the training of active ministers, a change, recently announced, in the curriculum of the Yale Divinity School is worthy of note. Traditionally, theological seminaries have emphasized linguistic and metaphysical studies. Some history and a course in so-called homiletics have usually served to supply intellectual perspective and a little practical knowledge. Gradually in recent years historical courses have been supplanting dogmatics; and practical experience in church work has been made more and more accessible to divinity students. It is in line with this movement that the change in the Yale Divinity School has been made. Hereafter, in place of the single three-year course of study, there are to be three courses: one will proceed from the historical point of view, the second from the philosophical, and the third from the practical. The first course will be practically the same as that now offered; and will be the only one in which Hebrew will be required. What may be called the philosophical course will emphasize modern science, psychology, and Christian theology. The practical course will emphasize sociology, philanthropy, legal principles, and the practical problems involved in applying the spirit of Christianity to modern life. Elective studies will enable a student in any one of these courses to get some benefit from the other two. Too long the standards of the divinity schools, at least in America, have been those of the teacher of theology, rather than those of the active minister; too long theological professors have been teaching as if their dearest aim was to make their students like themselves. While medical students have been studying to be, not medical professors, but physicians and surgeons; while law students have been studying to be, not professors of law, but lawyers; theological students have been studying as if they were all to be theological pedagogues. The practice of adopting what may be called clinical methods in theological seminaries is now evident; it has come tardily; it is welcome.

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Dr. Hamlin When a clergyman notable in his profession remains in charge of a church for two decades, exercising a real influence in the community, the fact is worthy of note. It is particularly worthy of note when it happens in the National Capital. Because of the changes and chances of political life, a considerable proportion of Washington's population is necessarily migratory and transient. There is special need there for the ministrations of virile and vigorous but tactful ministers of the Gospel, those who know how to adapt themselves to all sorts and conditions of men and women. A clergyman of this kind was Teunis S. Hamlin, who died suddenly last week. For over twenty years he was the honored pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, the beautiful Romanesque bell-tower of which is a distinguishing feature of the northwestern part of the city. The congregation of this church has been notable, not only because it has always numbered among its elders and trustees distinguished statesmen like John W. Foster and John Hay, but also because it has represented every branch of official and social Washington life. President Harrison was a regular attendant at the services of this church, and was Dr. Hamlin's warm friend. Indeed, Dr. Hamlin seemed to have a genius for making quick acquaintanceships which often ripened into lasting friendships. With his wide sympathies, his talent for detecting and emphasizing the color, humor, and pathos of life, he found his work first in broadening men humanly that he might lift them spiritually. Thus, however intellectually and spiritually interesting his sermons, the hearer always felt, first of all, a very human heart behind them. Such work in such a community cannot die. The very character of the congregation to which Dr. Hamlin preached and the community in which he lived means that he preached by deed and word to a National audience.

Child Labor in the South

An interesting debate is brought to a close in our columns this week between Dr. A. J. McKelway, of Georgia, and Captain E. A. Smyth, of South Carolina, on the question of child labor in Southern cotton-mills. The discussion between these gentlemen only strengthens the opinion of The Outlook that some form of Federal legislation is needed to control, if not to abolish, the evils connected with the employment of children in the factories and mines of the country. We cannot even depend upon State statistics for accurate information upon this vital subject. Captain Smyth is an officer of an important manufacturing corporation in his State; Dr. McKelway is Assistant Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. How is it that these two authorities differ by many thousands in their estimates of the number of young children engaged in exhausting labor in South Carolina and the Southern States?

Obviously, it is because there are no trustworthy current official statements published by the State of South Carolina that a bewildered world is thus left to choose among the estimates of Mr. Smyth, Dr. McKelway, and the figures collected seven years ago by the Federal Census Bureau. South Carolina has no State Department of Labor, no Bureau of Labor Statistics, no State factory inspector, no compulsory education law, no truant officers or comprehensive school enrollment, no school census, and no State census of industrial workers in the long interim between the periods of the Federal census. In the absence of current data such as would be at hand if all these departments of the State were regularly publishing the results of their labors, the public cannot be blamed for accepting with reserve the estimates and opinions of an advocate speaking from within a corporation which employs children under fourteen years of age.

Captain Smyth attempts to excuse South Carolina by accusing Maine, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island of permitting children twelve and thirteen years of age to work in their mills. Far be it from The Outlook to hold up New England mill conditions as perfect models for the rest of the world; but these New England States to which Captain Smyth applies his *tu quoque* argument have established regulations and safeguards which it appears hopeless to expect in the near future in South Carolina. In New Hampshire children of twelve years are permitted to work in the mills only during the vacations of the public schools, no child under fourteen years can be employed at any occupation when the public schools are in session, and no child under sixteen years may be employed during school sessions unless he can read and write English. Similar regulations, differing only in detail, prevail in Vermont. In New Hampshire the total number of illiterate children, ten to fourteen years of age, reported in 1900 by the United States Census was 557, in Vermont 287, while in South Carolina the number was 51,536. Comment upon these appalling figures would be more than useless. Delaware, Maine, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island, all cotton-manufacturing States, have fixed the age for beginning to work in factories at fourteen years, and all these have State officials to enforce the law and supply the public with authentic information. In South Carolina nominally no child under the age of twelve years can be employed in a cotton-mill. But an orphan or any widowed mother or any disabled father may take oath before a magistrate or a county clerk that children at any age are dependent upon their own earnings, and the children are thereafter free to work until 8 P.M. Any child of twelve years or more may, so far as the law is concerned, work all night.

Louisiana, Maryland, Kentucky, and Tennessee, all have departments of Factory Inspection. Why not South Carolina? North Carolina has a Bureau of Labor Statistics. Why not South Carolina? Kentucky and Tennessee have established fourteen years as the age limit for boys and girls in mills, and Louisiana has set the same limit for girls. Why not South Carolina? Kentucky ends the working day at 7 P.M. for all children under sixteen years of age in mills and mines, and Alabama for all children under thirteen years in mills. Why not South Carolina? The New York Legislature has just passed a bill, which the Governor will undoubtedly sign, providing that no child under sixteen shall work more than eight hours a day, and that those eight hours shall be between eight o'clock in the morning and five o'clock in the afternoon. It is, perhaps, too much to say, Why not South Carolina? but we can at least hold up the example to that State.

Let South Carolina establish the fourteenth birthday as the earliest date for beginning to work, and require the child to prove its assertion that it is fourteen years old by showing the physical stature and the school record of a normal child of that age. Let South Carolina establish a Bureau of Labor Statistics and a Department of Factory Inspection [authorized to inspect factories by day and by night and to prosecute all violations of the law, publishing in a monthly bulletin of labor, as New York does, the records of these investigations. Let South Carolina provide, as Massachusetts has provided, for a State industrial census, independent of the Federal Census. Let South Carolina, by statute, establish the eight-hour day for all working children under the age of sixteen years, as Illinois and New York have done. And let South Carolina establish a compulsory education law, as all the States of the Union but eleven have done. It is safe to predict that when these changes become known as accomplished facts, adverse criticism of the attitude of the people of South Carolina towards the children of their State will cease. There is only one way in which the Southern States can silence this adverse criticism, and that is by adopting and maintaining as high standards of dealing with child labor as are successfully maintained in other parts of the civilized world.

What these standards are may be found presented in a compact and telling form in a "Handbook of Child Labor" compiled by Miss Josephine Goldmark, Assistant Secretary of the National Consumers' League. The League, which has accomplished remarkable results in the amelioration of the too often wretched conditions in which women and children work, has performed no one single service of more value than the publication of this significant tabulation of practical and successful legislation in behalf of child workers.

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Justice through Peace

We do not recall any series of meetings, non-political, which have moved the city of New York as profoundly as the Peace Congress, of which we give an account on another page. This Congress at once marks the extent of public sentiment in behalf of peace and gives to it expression and added impulse.

Peace sentiment is not new. Absolute non-resistance has had its advocates ever since the beginning of the Christian era. Not to go further back in history, it has been maintained by the Society of Friends, in the main with great consistency and under great difficulties, since the middle of the seventeenth century. But it has never made any headway. The Society of Friends has not been a growing organization; and while its doctrine of the Inner Light has been taken up by other Christian bodies, this is not true to any extent of its doctrine of non-resistance. It is quite safe to say that the sentiment for international peace has made more progress in the last ten years than in the thousand years preceding. Why?

This is partly due to the general moral development of the race, especially in the humanitarian virtues; partly to the effect of long-continued presentation of the horrors of war and the glories of peace by a small body of advocates whose persistence neither argument, ridicule, nor indifference could silence; partly to a change in war methods, intensifying its horrors and robbing it of much of its romance. But more than all these causes combined has been the definite proposal of a rational substitute for war as a means of securing justice between nations. This substitute for war is judicial procedure—the submission of the controversy to the decision of an impartial tribunal. This method has long since been adopted by all civilized nations for private war as a means of settling individual disputes; by the framers of our Constitution it was adopted for the settlement of all disputes among the several States of the Union. By the Hague Conference of 1899 it was adopted as a method of settling disputes among nations. This is not the same as international arbitration, which method had preceded the Hague Court for something like a century. In arbitration the Court is created after the dispute has arisen; in judicial procedure it is a permanent body: in arbitration the tribunal is bi-partisan, with an umpire to decide between the partisans; in judicial procedure it is non-partisan: in arbitration only the specific controversy is settled; in judicial procedure a permanent principle is generally established, which operates to prevent a similar dispute in the future: arbitration is adapted to settle controversies which can be settled by a conference; judicial procedure is equally adapted to settle those which can be determined only by determining an absolute principle of justice. The creation of an international tribunal to establish justice among the nations, by substituting the appeal to reason for the appeal to force, has given to the peace sentiment a power which the plea for non-resistance to injustice never had and never could have. The war against war was ineffective; the demand for an international tribunal to do justice between the nations is proving invincible.

The objection to war is not the loss of life it causes. The American railways maimed and killed more in a single year than all that were killed, wounded and missing from the Russian army in the greatest battle of modern times; but we do not propose to abolish the railways, only to regulate them. It is not the pain which war causes. It is better to suffer pain than to suffer injustice. It is not even the base passions which war excites. It is at least conceivable that men might learn to fight without passion, influenced only by a love of liberty or a stern sense of justice. So apparently Washington fought. The objection to war is that it wholly fails of its avowed purpose; that never in a single instance in human history has it accomplished the object for which it is supposed to be intended; and that it never can accomplish that object. Charles Sumner's definition of war is recognized by the authorities of to-day as a classic: "War is a public armed contest between nations, under the sanction of international law, to establish justice between them." This is something which war never has done and never can do. A trial of strength can never determine which of the contestants is right; it can only determine which of the two is the stronger. This is sometimes a very important question; it may even be the more important of the two. But the two are not the same. The American Revolution did not determine that it is not just that one community should tax another community without giving it representation; it determined that Great Britain had not the power to tax America. The Civil War did not determine that under the United States Constitution a State had no right to secede; it determined that under the existing conditions in 1861 a very powerful combination of States had not the power to secede. The defeat of Aguinaldo did not prove that America ought to maintain its sovereign authority over the Philippines; it proved that America had the power to maintain that sovereignty.

When injustice is attempted and there is no other recourse provided, war may be justified. It may be a duty to submit to injustice; it may be a duty to resist it; which is the duty depends on a variety of considerations. Frederick Douglass, a boy of seventeen, was regarded by his master as unruly; he was leased out to a neighboring planter who had a reputation for "breaking in unruly niggers;" fought the new master and conquered, and was not broken in. There was no tribunal to which he could appeal for justice; for had he appealed to the court he would have been sent back to the master to be flogged. There is no question that the world is far better for his successful resistance. A tribunal existed in America for the settlement of controversies between the States. The secessionists might have submitted their claim of a constitutional right to secede to that tribunal. But they did not; and when they opened war to accomplish the secession, there was nothing left but either to fight or to surrender the life of the united Nation. If the North had followed Horace Greeley's non-resistant course and "let the erring sisters go in peace," there would have been a century of border warfare between the two sections instead of a short, sharp, and decisive war of four years, resulting in a free and united Nation. The world is no more inclined to accept the doctrine of non-resistance to-day than it was a hundred years ago. The peace sentiment of which this Congress was an expression is not a sentiment of non-resistance. It is a sentiment in favor of substituting the appeal to reason and conscience for the appeal to force, and so changing the issues between the nations from the question, Which of two contestants is the stronger? to the question, Which of the two has justice on its side? The remedy for war which the ancient Hebrew prophet pointed out centuries ago the world has at last taken up: "Out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Why shall they not learn war any more? Because they have learned to listen to the divine voice speaking through the universal conscience, and to seek the triumph of right reason, not the triumph of brute force. The nations will still resist evil and demand righteousness; but they will do this by the force of arguments in a court of justice, not by force of arms on a field of battle.

Berea College

No one who has looked into the faces of the students at Berea, or has gone into the homes from which the white students come in the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Virginias, or who knows the condition of that mountain population of more than two million, the menace of its ignorance, the great possibilities of its education, will doubt the pressing need of the College or the imperative call to which it is responding. No one who knows its faculty, its history, or what Dr. Frost has given up to be its President for fifteen years, the story of his work of educational adaptation and upbuilding, the breadth of his view, the missionary spirit which has penetrated the mountains in every direction, the courage with which he has fought for Berea's open door "to all young people of good moral character," the good sense and justice with which he has endeavored, by the assistance of his trustees, to solve the great problems, will withhold confidence and support from Berea in a crisis the like of which it is probable no other college has ever been compelled to face.

For Berea has not only been fighting in Kentucky, in season and out of season, in the courts, through the public press, by personal agitation, to maintain its right to admit colored students as a Northern or European school would do, but it has now to meet shortsighted and baseless criticism from men who ought to be its devoted friends and supporters. The letter which Mr. William Lloyd Garrison published a few weeks ago was a remarkable illustration of misinformation. Berea College, he declared, was founded by men who recognized neither race nor sex distinctions, and who welcomed black and white, male and female, on the same footing. When Dr. Frost became President, he maintained the radical traditions of Berea; but gradually rumors of dissatisfaction from the colored people of the neighborhood reached the North. It was declared that the proportion of colored students was being reduced and white mountaineers given the preference of admission. Then, after a time, came the proposal to prohibit by State law the co-education of the races. Mr. Garrison fails to report that the College resisted, but the hostile legislation triumphed, and the colored students were distributed among other institutions. The belief is current among some friends of the College, according to Mr. Garrison, that insufficient effort was made to block the law of separation. He declares that if a division had to be made, the colored students should have remained and new quarters been sought for the whites. "Better that the institution dedicated to equal rights by its founders should stand untenanted than flourish as a monument to subserviency."

Mr. Garrison's history was speedily corrected by the son of the founder of Berea College and the President of its Alumni Association. John A. R. Rogers, out of the inspiration of whose faith and works Berea came, died last July, having told the story of the early history of the institution in a book published before his death. He was a clergyman in Illinois, a graduate of Oberlin, specially interested in Kentucky because teachers and colporteurs among Oberlin students had reported that the capacity of the people of the mountain section of the State was far in advance of their educational opportunities. He persuaded a friend to go into the State and open a school for the mountaineers; and when this friend withdrew at the last moment, Dr. Rogers went himself, leaving a comfortable home and sacrificing many personal advantages, precisely as did Dr. Frost fifteen years ago. He was an abolitionist of the Birney rather than of the Garrison type, eager for abolition by legal means. He found in eastern Kentucky a valiant group of Southern anti-slavery men like the Rev. John G. Fee and General Cassius M. Clay.

Mr. Rogers, who corrects Mr. Garrison's statements, was present when the first colored pupil came to Berea, which was then an academy. After serious discussion, the trustees decided in favor of admitting him. Later many colored students came. Mr. Rogers is of opinion that only small sums were contributed to the funds of the College for the benefit of the colored race alone, and the assumption that the donations for many years were for their benefit, alone or particularly, is not borne out by the facts. "From the start of the recent agitation colored students have assumed a proprietary interest in the College, which they neither had particularly nor for their race." Berea was never essentially a negro college, but it has done more for the negro since the law of separation was enacted than was demanded even by the moral code.

Mr. Rogers's letter is supplemented by a statement from Dr. Frost, notable for its dispassionate recitation of facts, its candor, and its transparent loyalty to both races and to the College. The founders, he recalls, did not consider it wise to admit colored pupils. Ten years later, when emancipation had been proclaimed, they were admitted on equal terms, and they continued to attend freely until the State interfered. Two reasons took Dr. Frost to Berea: the desire to place character above race, and the belief that the largest hope of the New South lay in the education of the people of the mountains. When he went to Berea, through ineffective management, the white students had largely fallen off; their attendance was brought up until the proportion between white and colored students in the College was about the same as between the white and colored people in the State. When the Legislature of Kentucky, by law, compelled the separate education of the two races, there were nine hundred and seventy-seven students in Berea College, of whom one hundred and seventy-four were colored, and the institution had never been more prosperous or contented. Those who have been in its atmosphere will not forget with what fine idealism and sound judgment the relations of the two races were kept harmonious and unassailably proper. One by one, all other mixed schools in the South had been given up. When the law was proposed in Kentucky against the co-education of the races in private schools, Berea College interposed every possible obstacle, by discussion and protest, against its passage.

But the bill became a law, and the trustees at Berea were compelled to face an actual situation. They looked at it from every point of view. They carefully considered keeping the colored students and sending away the white. Their anxiety to do the right thing was known to all men who had any relations with them. They finally decided that the white students who came from the mountains, for whom the College was the only accessible institution of its class, and who were far more numerous than the colored students, must be taken care of at Berea, while the colored students could be distributed among other schools. One hundred have been sent to Fisk University, Knoxville College, Hampton, and other good schools, although this has involved a terrible drain on the limited resources of the College. The College is still fighting the law which has separated its students, and hopes that, for the sake of the principle, it will be set aside in the courts; but the fact remains that, for the present at least, the dominant sentiment of the South is against co-education of the races, not only in the public schools but in all schools. Instead of making a barren protest, as Mr. Garrison suggests, Berea is dealing with the situation with the breadth of view and the practical sagacity of men who have the sense of loyalty both to the ideal and to the demands of reality. Berea has not surrendered any principle nor abandoned any faith. It stands by its motto, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men;" but it does not propose to abdicate its work or lose its opportunity with two races because, for the time being, sectional and local sentiment make its former solution of the problem impossible.

It is the one institution which adequately provides for the education of a great white population whose training is of supreme importance to the country; for the negro, on the other hand, there are many admirable schools; and Berea now proposes, not to add to the number of colored colleges, but to care for its colored students by establishing a school for the training of agriculturists, artisans, housekeepers, and teachers for the public colored schools. In a word, the College proposes to attempt to provide for both its white and colored students advantages equivalent to those they had before the separation. To do this it will be necessary to set up a separate establishment especially adapted to the colored people. This is not merely to meet a sentiment but to meet a need, for with Berea closed the negroes of Kentucky are more destitute of educational guidance than those of any other State. An "adjustment fund" of $400,000 is therefore called for at once. Such a sudden demand upon a college already overburdened constitutes a grave crisis, such as would be brought about by the burning of buildings or destruction by an earthquake. It is a situation which will awaken the intense interest of Berea's former friends, and which should call new friends to its aid.

In view of the misrepresentation to which the noble work of Berea College and the inspiring personality of its missionary President, Dr. Frost, are now being subjected, it is well to bear in mind the words of Bishop Lawrence spoken at a recent meeting in behalf of the College in Boston: "We want to keep ourselves on a level keel, and not yield to the popular opinion that the races are drawing apart. Who knows how soon they may be drawn together again? We want to be patient, charitable towards all. There is not yet any agreement among the best people on these matters. The South is not solid, the North is not solid. . . . I congratulate Berea that there may still be a helpful connection between its white and colored departments in the way of encouragement, management, and helpfulness." Berea needs and deserves, by reason of its great services to both races in the past, and the courage, patience, and sagacity with which it is meeting a grave crisis, the faith and the practical support of its friends, and of the friends of the negro and the mountaineers, as it has never had them before.

THE PEACE CONGRESS

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

LAST week's great event in America was the Peace Congress in New York City.

In every respect it surpassed expectation. First of all, in numbers. Delegates registered by the thousand. The best hall in the metropolis proved inadequate. Overflow and additional meetings were held in other halls and in churches. For the first time in the history of great conferences, two banquets were necessary at the close, taking place coincidentally, with some of the same speakers passing from one to the other, no hotel accommodations being sufficient for the function if all applicants were to be housed in one place. Even with this doubling the issuance of tickets had to be stopped.

Secondly, the Congress was the first really National peace meeting in America. In comparison, previous peace congresses have been sectional. But at last week's over thirty-five States were represented by their Governors or their representatives, by members of State tribunals and State Legislatures, and by Mayors of important cities. The Federal Government was represented by members of the Hague Court, of the Supreme, Circuit, and District Courts, and of Congress. Thus the resultant body was a peculiarly representative official gathering.

To America's everlasting credit, the world's first Peace Society was founded in this country—in New York City, by David Low Dodge, in 1815. Though the first International Peace Congress was held in London, an American, Elihu Burritt, was the chief inspiring force for the following International Congresses, and of them all, that in Boston, in 1904, had the largest attendance. The function of National peace congresses for America has been in great measure performed by the Mohonk Arbitration Conferences. At one of them, a decade ago, Dr. Edward Everett Hale showed how arbitration could settle disputes, and the Conference put itself on record: "The feasibility of arbitration as a substitute for war is now demonstrated." But the apostle of peace, whom all delight to honor, did not stop there. He told his hearers that

> The possibility of a central tribunal, existing as a permanent tribunal, to adjudicate in questions among nations, can no longer be called the dream of a Utopia. . . . It would certainly happen that, as questions arose, nations would begin to submit them to such a tribunal; at first timidly, but eventually with confidence. The bare existence of an impartial tribunal would carry with it a power impossible to overestimate.

With such prophetic words was born the idea now incorporated in the international court at The Hague. The idea was increasingly emphasized at succeeding Mohonk meetings, and the movement was the more significant because the Conference became representative of more widely separated parts of the country, a gathering representing a greater variety of types and also now including official representatives from Chambers of Commerce and other trade organizations.

The ideal of peace and righteousness carries with it an element of the religious. Some churches have availed themselves of the opportunity presented, and have observed the Sunday before Christmas as "Peace Sunday." This feature was again emphasized last week. On Sunday many sermons had for their text "The Prince of Peace." Delegates even spoke in some churches, notable meetings occurring in the Christian Science temples in New York City and Boston. The Sunday night service in Carnegie Hall united many men of many faiths. They were addressed by Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish clergymen. Thus the First National Arbitration and Peace Congress began with a religious note. Händel's "Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Men" and Mendelssohn's "How Lovely are the Messengers that Bring us the Gospel of Peace," made hearers feel themselves embarked upon what is also a religious movement.

Another marked feature was the prominence given to the education of the young in the principles of peace. Women's meetings have long become a recognized adjunct of the annual Civil Service Conventions and other National conferences, and the women's meeting last week was a very important aid. No National conference seems to have so definitely recognized as did this the importance of enlisting not only young people but even children in a particular movement. The leaders of the Conference, however, appreciated the change taking place in our school and college text-books on history. Ever since the publication of Green's "History of the English People" war details have been increasingly minimized. Schoolboys now see in truer perspective the heroes of war as compared with the heroes of peace—poets, scientists, inventors, philosophers, philanthropists, statesmen. There was a recent vote in France on the question, "Who is our greatest man?" Most people, certainly most outsiders, might suppose that Napoleon would have the majority vote. Instead, he actually came seventh on the list; Pasteur was first and Victor Hugo next. A similar change is taking place in this country. Last week's "Young People's Meeting" was the most enthusiastic of any; its climax was reached when the children saluted the flag of peace. At this meeting of children, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the eminent French Senator and member of the Hague Court, began to speak to the children in his own language. He asked them a question and waited for an answer. It was not forthcoming. With a shrug, he requested a reply. He then wanted to know if they understood French. There came a few naïve cries of "Oui!" which seemed to amuse the orator. He then protested that it was selfish of the children to force him to speak in English! He was thus able to point a moral on the differences in languages. He declared that misunderstandings were often brought about by such small things as a lack of knowledge of languages, and even wars resulted. Hence, children should know at least one language besides their own. Baron d'Estournelles won the hearts of all the young people as he cleverly led their minds to the contemplation of the ideal of the Congress. With justifiable satisfaction he explained later: "When I go home, I shall say to the old people, 'I do not care what you think; I have seen the children, and *they know*.'" The lesson to us is evident: success attends any altruistic movement which is made to educate and appeal to the sympathies of the young.

Still another striking feature of the Congress lay in the prominent place given to the representatives of labor and commerce, a feature comprised in two meetings, addressed by prominent leaders of the various industries. The general position was well taken by Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor:

> Not as workers will we permit ourselves to be shot down in order to conquer the markets of barbarians and savages. I know of no gathering of labor in the last twenty-five years which has not declared itself unequivocally for international brotherhood and peace.

A final and chief feature of interest lay in the notably practical character of the vast majority of speakers and listeners. The Congress was no "collection of cranks and fools," as a hard-headed man of affairs dubbed it in passing the hall, without looking in to verify his statement. Neither was it a collection of white-blooded, weak-kneed theorists, feebly appreciating the actual conditions that govern individual passions and national prejudices. As one glanced around, there were the faces of great captains of industry, of practical leaders of labor, of men who bulk large in commercial enterprises, of trusted political leaders. Nor was the Congress any mere anti-war affair: its business was positive, not negative; it was to affirm the necessity of substituting reason for passion. There was a general sentiment that it ought to emphasize, not "rainbows" or distant Utopias, but only practical plans certain of realization, and of realization, too, not in the far future, but in this very coming summer by action at The Hague.

So much for the Congress as a whole and its tendencies. But men are more interesting than movements. Behind every movement one finds some man, some distinct, masterful personality. While all the members of the Congress were united on general principles, the more interesting speakers had each some individual idea to present—for instance, Secretary Root's deprecation of diplomatic and not judicial attitude in the Hague Court and the consequent necessity of making it permanent, Mr. Bartholdt's scheme of an International Congress, Baron d'Estournelles's plan of international conciliation, Mr. Carnegie's notion of an international police, and Mr. Bryan's demand that money should be made contraband of war.

Chief among the speakers was, of course, the public-spirited citizen who had summoned the Congress, Mr. Carnegie, its President; its "Little Father," as he was affectionately called. He certainly was its Little Father and Santa Claus in one. To him is due the gratitude of all who believe in international amity. Who so well as an American would have generously provided for the material well-being of his guests and friends here, and commanded the erection of a Palace of Peace at The Hague? Who so well as a Scot could have presided over the sessions with unfailing humor and the pithy expression of acute opinion?

For instance, Mr. Root, Secretary of State, was introduced by Mr. Carnegie as "something more than the President's right hand." Mr. Root's address was practically a state paper, and hence was read from notes. He proclaimed what had hitherto been only surmised—first, that, in our Government's opinion, the question of limiting armaments ought to be discussed at the next Hague Conference. The Government, therefore, reserves the right to present this, and, as well, the subject of limiting the use of force for the collection of ordinary contract debts due by one Government to the citizens of another. Mr. Root then pointed out the great obstacle to arbitration—a fear that the tribunals selected would not be impartial, because arbitrators are thought often to act diplomatically rather than judicially.

> We need for arbitrators, not distinguished public men concerned in all the international questions of the day, but judges interested only in the question appearing on the record before them. Plainly, this end is to be attained by the establishment of a court of permanent judges.

Of all the speakers, none had juster claim to recognition than the Hon. Richard Bartholdt, member of Congress from Missouri. He was the author in 1904 of the resolution under which President

Roosevelt issued the call for a second Hague Conference, afterwards deferring to the Emperor of Russia, the original summoner for the Conference of 1899, who desired to issue the call for the second Conference. Mr. Bartholdt's resolution formed the basis of Mr. Hay's letter to the nations signatory to the first Hague Conference, thus defining in a timely way the American Government's attitude on a number of pending international questions. Secondly, his influence in the Interparliamentary Union, where he is President of the American group, has been of commanding importance. Two years ago he defined his plan for an International Congress. He would have the Interparliamentary Union form the Lower House and the Hague Conference the Upper House.

Americans have hitherto regarded Mr. Bryan necessarily from a National point of view, but people, independent of nationality, may now regard him as an international statesman. Last week he suggested that in time of war money-lenders shall not be allowed to wax fat by loans, taking advantage of a nation's weakness and urging it to continue hostilities. A loan by the citizens of a neutral nation, he pointed out, is practically a loan by the nation itself, and should be objected to as much as furnishing shot and shell.

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant was apparently the most hard-worked member of the Congress. He spoke several times every day. But he did not speak too often. His speeches were always sympathetically acclaimed. He has abandoned the diplomatic career, which he is well fitted to adorn, and is devoting himself, at every sacrifice, to spread abroad throughout the world the doctrines of arbitration, but especially of conciliation. He brought to the Congress, as did no other, the rich background of experience from his membership in the Hague Court, and from the wider activity represented by his presidency of the "Conciliation Internationale," a society deservedly reaching out its ramifications to the ends of the earth. The practical ideal towards which Baron d'Estournelles strives is certainly not to ameliorate war, it is not even so much to prevent war by international courts and congresses as, by far-seeing methods of conciliation, to remove the sources of any international disputes or misunderstandings. To this end, among other means, he has organized parliamentary excursions. He took two hundred members of the French Parliament to London, and engineered a return visit of as many English parliamentarians. What was the result? The Anglo-French compact, by which two mighty nations agreed to bury their exasperating differences of a century, and outline their spheres of activity which now do *not* overlap! As the head of the French parliamentary group of arbitration, Baron d'Estournelles has received at Paris the visits of large delegations from the Dutch, Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish Parliaments, and is attempting to induce further similar social interchanges in the justified hope that only amity, peace, and greater international justice will result.

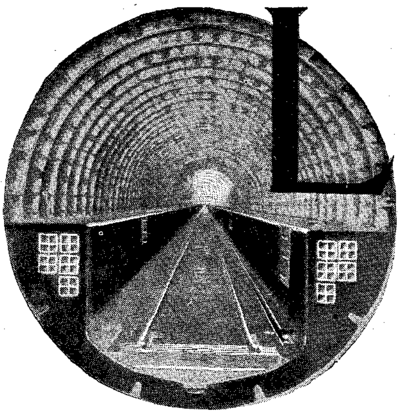
While these ideals are becoming by such methods appreciably nearer of realization, their coming will indeed be hastened if the recommendations of the Congress are realized—the opening of the Hague Court to all nations, the evolution of the Hague Conferences into a more permanent and comprehensive International Union, with representatives from all the nations, meeting periodically to insure regularly and systematically the efficient co-operation of the Powers in the development and application of international law; a general arbitration treaty providing for the settlement of disputes not to be adjusted by diplomacy; in the case of disputes not included in an arbitration treaty, the contending parties, before resorting to force, to invoke the services of an international commission of inquiry, or the mediation of friendly Powers; in time of war the protection of private property at sea, and at all times the limitation of armaments.

Thus the Peace Congress did not "end in smoke," as some skeptics prophesied it would. If the ideas suggested at it demonstrated that peoples are generally ahead of their governments, the resolutions adopted were rational enough to appeal to any critic. They fitly define the atmosphere of the Congress—an enthusiasm for justice.

E. F. B.

THE GATES OF NEW YORK

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

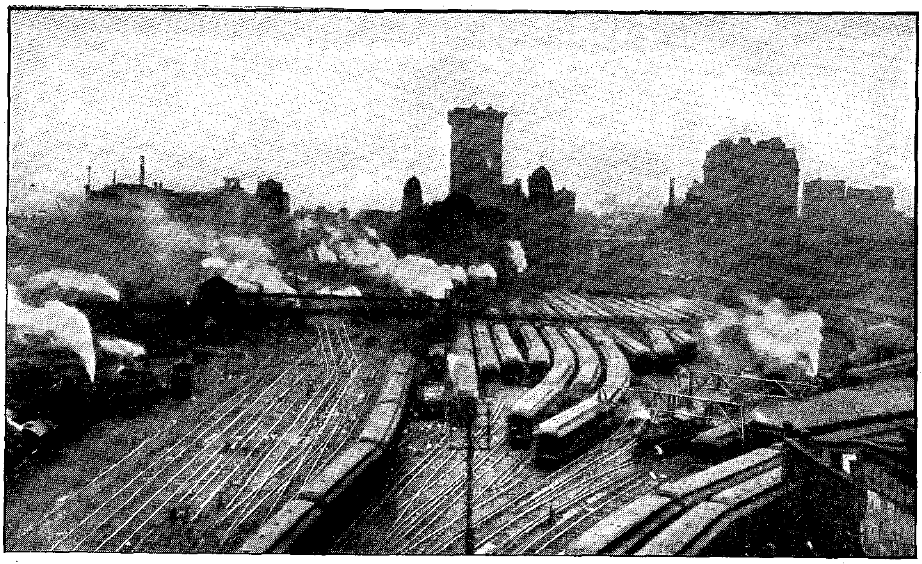


LESS than thirty years ago tunnels beneath the rivers of Manhattan were declared engineering impossibilities; now fourteen tubes are building beneath the East and Hudson Rivers. Twenty-five years ago electric traction was considered impracticable; to-day all the railways about New York are installing their initial electric zone. Electric traction has become eminently practicable, and with electric traction have come the subways, the tunnels, and the sub-surface terminal yards.

In February, 1888, Frank Julian Sprague, of Milford, Connecticut, equipped and put into operation in Richmond, Virginia, the first successful electric trolley road in the world. In the following year, 1889, Sir W. Arrol and E. W. Moir, Englishmen, set up on American ground the first great cylindrical tunnel shield, after the designs of the distinguished English engineer, James Henry Greathead. It is thanks to these epoch-making inventions of Greathead and Sprague that the railways and the people are at present opening the gates of New York.

The congestion of traffic in New York has increased with unexpected rapidity during the last ten years. When in 1870 the municipality decided to build the Brooklyn Bridge, it was confidently believed that bridges and ferries would be adequate to the growing traffic of the city. In 1883, when the Brooklyn Bridge was opened to the public, sanguine prophets declared that the structure would be used by as many as ten thousand people every day. At the time this estimate was considered extravagant, but in 1902 the Board of Rapid Transit Railroad Commissioners announced that one hundred and twenty millions of people, or a daily average of about three hundred and thirty thousand, had crossed the bridge in that year. The traffic on the rivers has grown in proportion. It is said that the lower East River has reached the limit of its traffic-bearing capacity. These facts only serve to illustrate the extraordinary rapidity with which the population of Manhattan has grown. At the present time every foot of ground from Battery Park to the Bronx is pre-empted by workshops, stores, and dwellings. There is no longer room on the surface of the narrow island for long bridge approaches, nor for surface terminal yards. The development of the terminal facilities of New York, it has long been clear, would have to take place, not on the surface, but under ground.

The key to the problem presented by the growing numbers of people, now approaching three-quarters of a million, who daily enter and pass out of New York, and by the congestion of the city's population, was the decision of the railways, compelled in the first instance by legislative enactment of the State of New York, to replace steam by electricity as their motive power. This substitution has in every case determined the peculiar character of the improvements under way—has, in fact, made these improvements possible. Without electricity, the sub-surface yards under construction by the New York Central, by the Pennsylvania, and by the so-called McAdoo companies, as well as the tunnels themselves, would have been impracticable. The experience of the public in the Park Avenue tunnels of the New York Central has alone demonstrated the danger and inconvenience that are inseparable from sub-surface travel through coal gas and smoke. To the evolution of the electric motor into an economical locomotive, more than



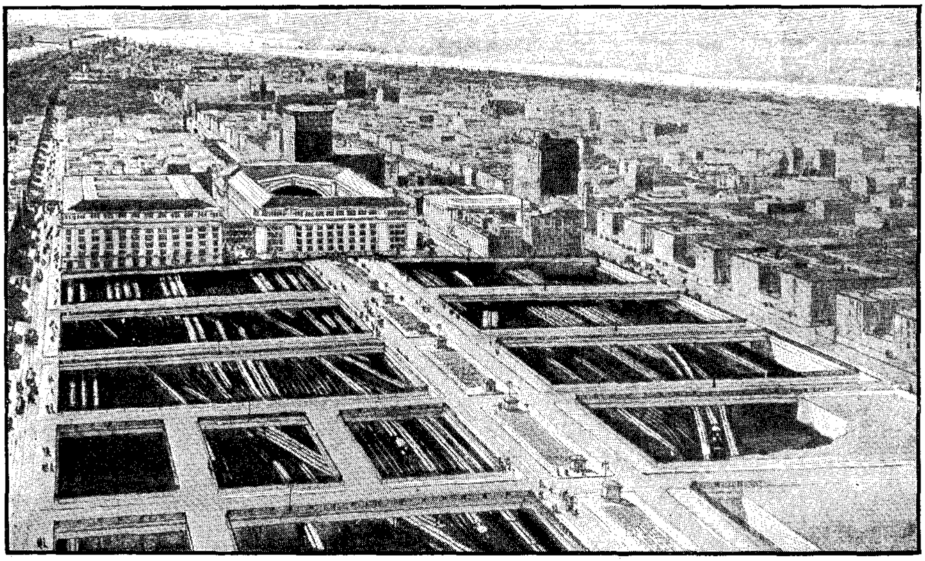
THE NEW YORK CENTRAL YARDS BEFORE THE IMPROVEMENTS WERE BEGUN

to any other single factor, the opening of the gates of Manhattan is due.

If one enters the New York Central yards, the site of the proposed Pennsylvania station, or the terminals of the McAdoo tunnels, one sees hundreds of men busy in removing, with compressed air drills and dynamite, and huge, derrick-suspended steam shovels, millions of cubic yards of stone and silt. All the tracks of the new terminals are to be laid beneath the street level, and all switching and repairing are to take place in subterranean chambers. At first glance the necessity of making these unprecedented excavations appears to involve an extravagant expenditure of labor and money. When it is considered, however, that the space beneath the ground is to be occupied by what will virtually be the basement floors of huge steel buildings, and that in no instance will there be less than two stories underground, it will be apparent that the gain in total area in a city where ground values are so high as they are in New York must constitute a very large, if indeed not a perfect, compensation for the cost of excavation.

The simplest illustration of this fact is found in the remodeled New York Central terminal. The terminal yards are being constructed at two levels, both of which are below the level of the city streets. All the suburban trains will enter the station at an approximate depth of thirty-five feet below the street; all the express and through trains on a suspended yard, resembling the second floor of an office building, built of steel and concrete, immediately overhanging the suburban tracks, and fifteen feet below street level. Above the express level, in turn, south of Forty-fifth Street, will rise the new buildings of the station, including a great new office building, a considerable portion of which has been leased by the Federal Post-Office Department, while from Forty-fifth Street northward all of the streets which are at present broken by the New York Central surface yards will be restored to city traffic. The municipal highways will be carried on steel and concrete viaducts across the inoffensive sub-surface yards. This admirable restoration, made possible by the use of electricity, is, from the point of view of the neighboring residents, possibly the most delightful feature of the present plans.

The engineers in charge of the work of excavation and reconstruction have proceeded with a swiftness and surety that, to a layman, are little short of marvelous. When their work of lowering the yards began, the engineers had to conduct their operations within a narrow, four-track space immediately south of

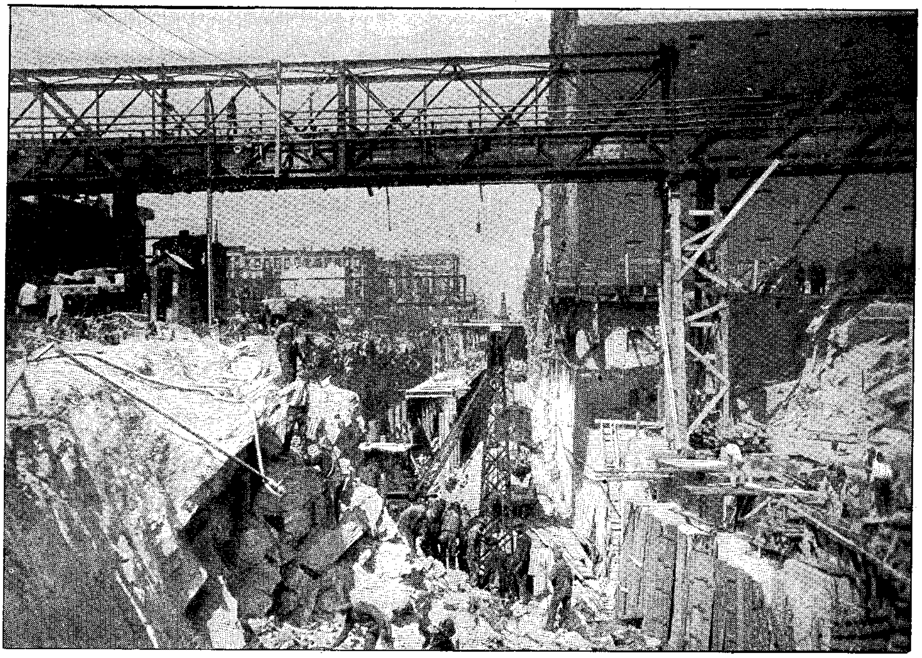


THE NEW YORK CENTRAL YARDS AS THEY WILL LOOK IN 1910

"The municipal highways will be carried on steel and concrete viaducts across the inoffensive sub-surface yards"

the Park Avenue tunnels, without interfering with the movement of more than six hundred daily trains. As their work has advanced, and a section of the new approach to the Grand Central Station has been electrified, the number of daily trains has almost doubled, and yet the engineers have proceeded with the reconstruction of the roadway and yards with clock-like regularity, and without interfering with the movement of the trains. To understand how this feat is being accomplished, one needs to descend into the yards at Fifty-seventh Street, the southern terminus of the Park Avenue tunnels, from which point southward the present work of excavation is progressing. The tunnels make provision for four tracks only, and the trains that pass through them formerly occupied but a four-track space between them and the confines of the yards proper. When the reconstruction is finished, these four tracks will spread out into six, almost immediately upon issuing from the tunnel. In order to secure room for the two additional tracks, the engineers had to remove vast quantities of rock both to the right and to the left of the old roadway, and to penetrate beneath the sidewalks and under the foundations of the buildings along both sides of Park Avenue. All buildings along this avenue below Fifty-seventh Street have been underpinned with steel and concrete retaining walls, so that the yards, along the entire distance of contact with the municipal highway, now have the appearance of one of New York's subway tunnels with its top removed. This preliminary work having been accomplished, the total area within the new walls was divided into three parts. To the left of the old tracks, as one looks southward, the first excavation was begun. Crowded between the wall and the frequently passing trains, that at intervals crushed out the life of an insufficiently alert workman, the engineers blasted out space for two tracks. When these tracks were completed, a part of the traffic moving to and from the tunnels was diverted to them, and the work of excavation transferred to the western side of the old roadbed. When this western section is in its turn completed, what traffic cannot be carried over the eastern section will be diverted from the old roadbed to it, and the engineers will go on to remove the huge ridge of stone that now stretches like a fossilized leviathan down between the two excavations.

While this work has been progressing, the engineers have been lowering and reconstructing the yards themselves into two levels, corresponding to the floors



FIRST EXCAVATIONS FOR THE ENLARGED NEW YORK CENTRAL YARDS

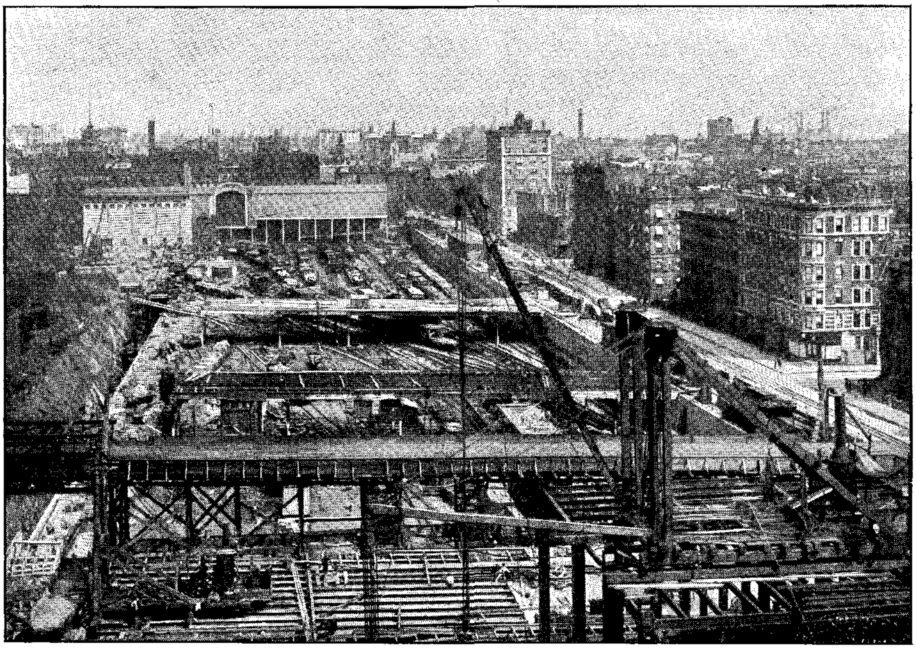
Breaking ground and rock within a narrow space

of the station which have already been described. When their work is done, on the street level there will be a network of bridges which will carry the city highways. Fifteen feet below will be the express terminal, providing room for twenty tracks: and yet twenty feet below this will be the suburban terminal with its fifteen tracks. To the east of these terminals will stretch the yards proper, the dimensions of which have been greatly increased through the purchase by the railways of all the property bounded on the north by Forty-fifth Street and on the east by Lexington Avenue, from which upwards of two hundred buildings have been removed. The area of the old terminal yards was about twenty-three acres, all of which was at street level; the total acreage of the reconstructed yards will be about sixty-five acres, twenty-four of which will be on the suburban level and forty on the express level, leaving the street level clear. There were about ten miles of track in the old terminal; in the new terminal, two miles will be devoted to the suburban service, nearly four miles to the express service, with about twenty-two miles on both levels, for storage, express, mail, etc., making a total of more than twenty-seven miles.

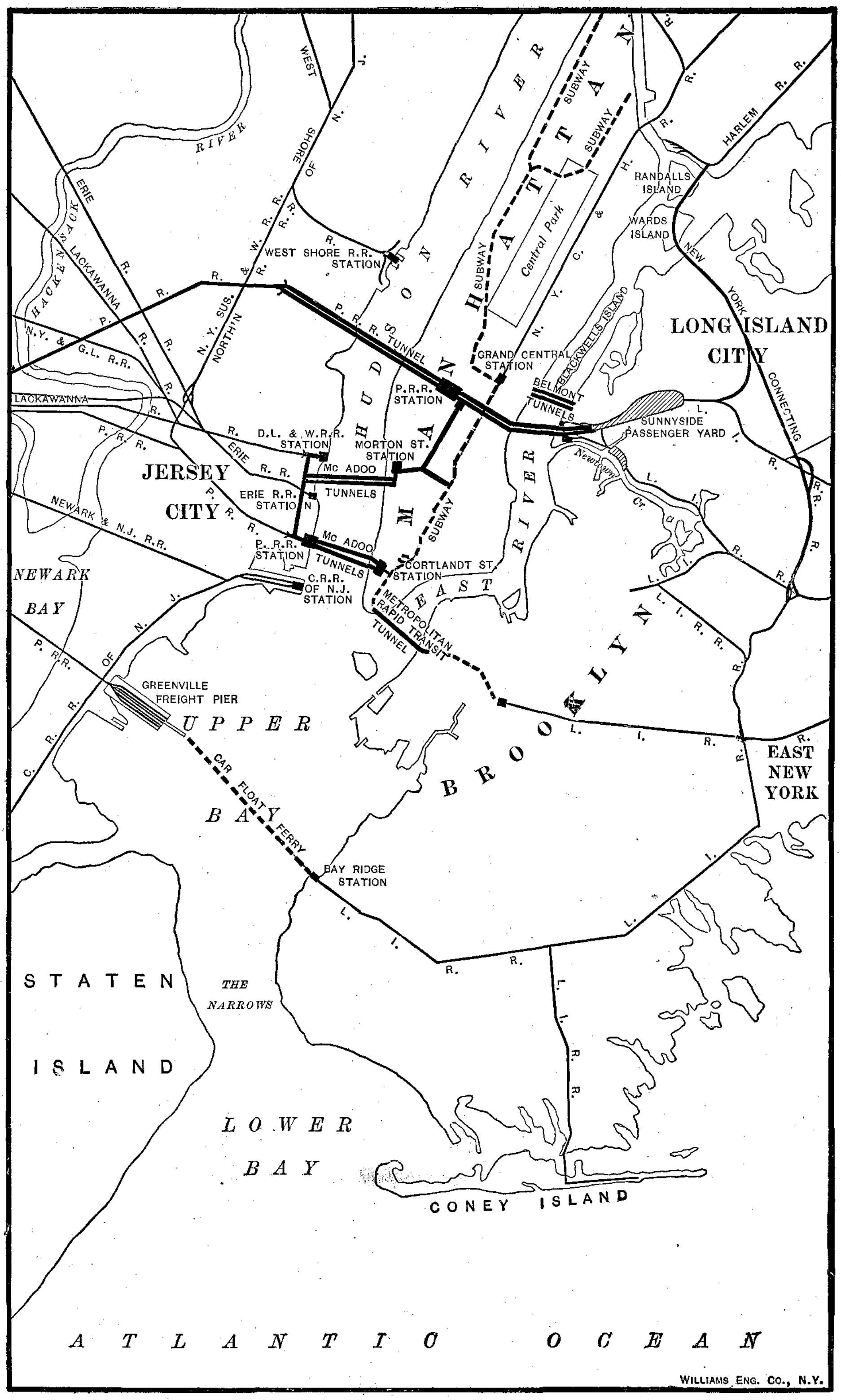
At the beginning of this account I said that the electrification of the roads was the key to the new improvements; and, indeed, both from the scientific and industrial points of view, this substitution of one motive power for another is by far the most significant, if not the most picturesque, feature of the enterprise. Into the question of the comparative values of alternating and direct currents, of overhead trolley and third-rail transmission, of reciprocating and turbine engines, it is not possible here to enter. It may, however, be said in passing that, with the object of harmonizing all the larger electrical installations in the vicinity of New York, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania have adopted an eleven-thousand-volt, three-phase alternating current for the high-pressure transmission lines between the central power stations and the sub-stations, and a six-hundred-volt direct current for the low-pressure conductors from the sub-stations to the feeders of the third rail. Moreover, the great power stations which the New York Central is erecting at Port Morris and Yonkers, and which may be considered typical of all the new installations, are to be equipped with great turbine engines similar to those which have been installed in the latest Cunard steamers—the Lusitania and the Carmania—each of which will be capable of developing forty thousand horse-power.

But these features of the improvements are not the ones which strike the eye of the layman who is passing through the yards. What he first observes on entering the completed section of the New York Central terminal is the very ingeniously guarded third rail and the splendidly compact and powerful electric locomotives that, within the initial electric zone, are to do the work of the steam locomotives that have hitherto brought the long-distance trains into the station. The suburban trains within the initial electric zone will be equipped similarly to those at present in use in our subways and upon our elevated roads. In these trains many of the cars are furnished with motors like the trolley-cars on the surface roads, and the train, containing many units of locomotion, that is, containing a number of motors, has a highly increased initial acceleration—gets under way more rapidly than a train of equal weight drawn by a single engine. This equipment of individual cars with motors—called the multiple unit system, and also, by the way, the product of the inventive genius of Sprague—is, of course, impracticable beyond the electric zone. It would be folly, for instance, to have the Pullman and day coaches which are to travel across the continent loaded down with electrical apparatus that could not be used thirty-two miles beyond New York. Hence arises the necessity of electrical locomotives to bring the coaches of through trains into the city from the outer limits of the electric zone. The powerful electric locomotives and the guarded third rail are, at least from the layman's point of view, the most curious and interesting products of the present improvements.

One of the obvious difficulties presented by the introduction into a crowded and busy terminal of a third rail carrying a current of six hundred volts is the danger of accident due to the exposure of the rail itself. It was necessary to devise some means to protect men and property from the live third rail, and this was satisfactorily accomplished by Vice-President W. J. Wilgus, who has general charge of the New York



THE NEW YORK CENTRAL YARDS AT A LATER STAGE OF CONSTRUCTION


MANHATTAN
HUDSON RIVER
EAST RIVER
HARLEM R. R.
N. Y. C. & H. R. R.
SUBWAY
Central Park
RANDALLS ISLAND
WARDS ISLAND
BLACKWELLS ISLAND
WEST SHORE OF N. J.
WEST SHORE R.R. STATION
N. Y. SUS. & W. R. R.
NORTH'N R. R.
HACKENSACK RIVER
ERIE R. R.
LACKAWANNA R. R.
P. R. R.
N.Y. & G.L. R.R.
LACKAWANNA
P. R. R. TUNNEL
P.R.R. STATION
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
BELMONT TUNNELS
LONG ISLAND CITY
NEW YORK CONNECTING R. R.
SUNNYSIDE PASSENGER YARD
L. I. R. R.
Newtown Cr.
D.L. & W.R.R. STATION
MORTON ST. STATION
Mc ADOO TUNNELS
ERIE R.R. STATION
JERSEY CITY
P. R.R. STATION
C.R.R. OF N.J. STATION
CORTLANDT ST. STATION
METROPOLITAN RAPID TRANSIT TUNNEL
NEWARK & N.J. R.R.
NEWARK BAY
C. R. R. OF N. J.
GREENVILLE FREIGHT PIER
UPPER BAY
CAR FLOAT FERRY
BROOKLYN
EAST NEW YORK
BAY RIDGE STATION
STATEN ISLAND
THE NARROWS
LOWER BAY
CONEY ISLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN
WILLIAMS ENG. CO., N.Y.

THE GATES OF NEW YORK

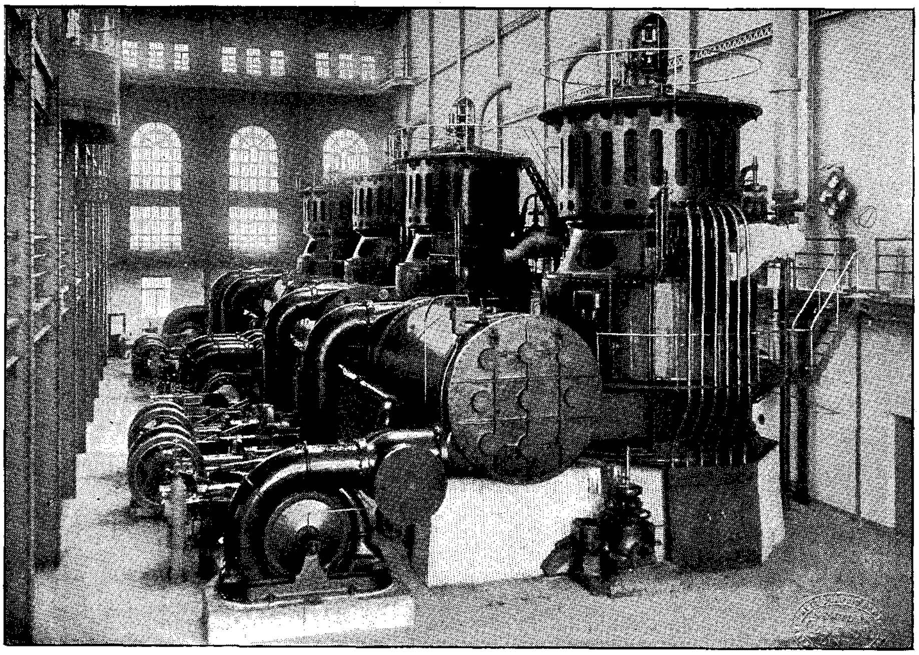
Central improvements. In his device a seventy-pound bull-head rail is used. The upper part of the rail is covered first by a porcelain insulating casing, which is in turn inclosed in a heavy wooden shield whose cross section looks like a diminutive gambrel roof. The only part of the rail not covered is that beneath this insulating hood, which it is almost impossible to come in contact with without such deliberate action as is exerted by the springs that press the contact shoe of the motors against it. The rail is supported by cast-iron pedestals shaped like the neck of a goose, so as to avoid interference with the movement of the contact shoe. As a result of this arrangement, the rail is not only protected from rain and snow, but from the stumbling bodies of men who might inadvertently or through carelessness fall upon it.

No precaution, however, is adequate to guard against the caprices of human curiosity. With this thought in mind, I asked the engineer who was guiding me through the yard whether any freak accident had occurred since the new third rail had been installed.

"Only one," he replied, "and we got out of that cheap at the cost of some thousands of dollars."

Then he told me that the men whom the road employed on the excavation and construction work were newly imported Italians. For many months they had lived in intimate daily relations with the steam-engines that went to and fro in the yards. When the first section of the new equipment was completed, and the trains began to move through the yards without the assistance either of steam-engines or of any other apparent motive power, the Italians were puzzled.

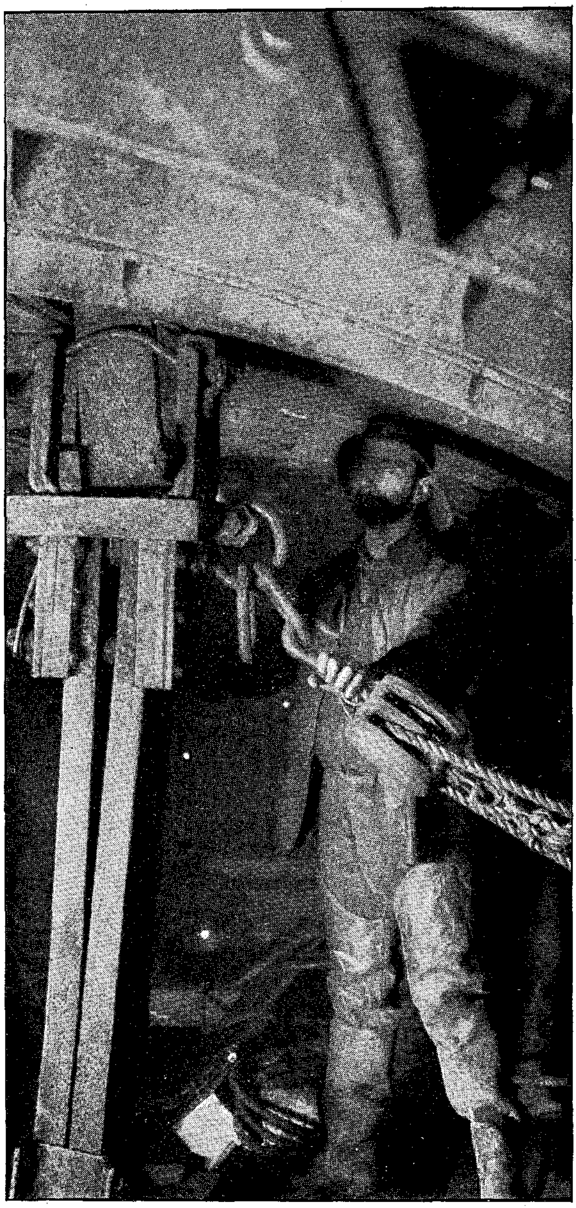
"You might have seen them," said my guide, "almost any day gathering in groups and talking confidentially to one another about the mystery that had fallen among them. After a time the most adventuresome member of the gang decided that he had located the deviltry in the third rail, and he determined to make an investigation. He was walking across the yard one afternoon, a crowbar in one hand and a spade in the other. When no one was looking, he thrust his spade under the hood of the third rail. Immediately there was a flash of fire. He howled and ran, dropping his crowbar as he went. The



THE GREAT TURBINE ENGINES AT PORT MORRIS WHICH GENERATE ELECTRICITY FOR THE NEW YORK CENTRAL TRAINS crowbar somehow got caught between the third rail and the track. A short circuit was established, and the electric fire spread across the entire electrified section of the yards. Submerged transmission cables were destroyed, fuses were everywhere burned out, and property worth some thousands of dollars was ruined. The meddler ran howling across the yards as if the very devil were indeed after him, and jumped over the edge of one of our deepest excavations. He was taken to the hospital with a broken leg. I hear that he has recovered since, but we have seen nothing further of him. As for the remainder of the gang, they were so thoroughly demoralized with fright that it took days to get them back to steady work. It was a costly accident, but it served a good purpose. There has been no loss of life or of property through trifling with the third rail since."

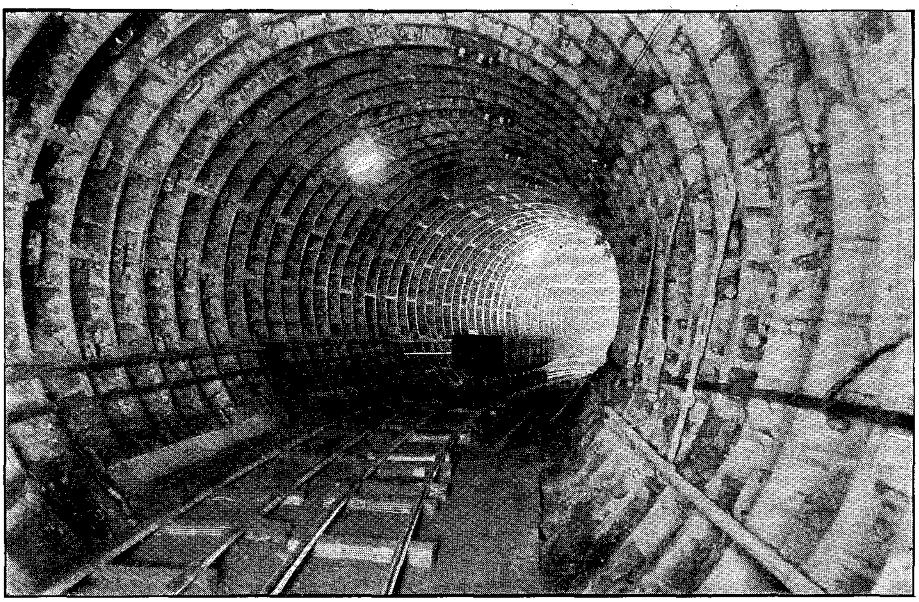
The electric locomotive looks as though two tenders had been detached from their engines and joined, back to back, by a box-like cabin. Both tenders are engines, and together are capable of developing 2,200 horse-power. In swiftness of acceleration and in ultimate speed the electric locomotive has surpassed the best type of steam-engine as a drawer of moderately heavy passenger trains. It derives its power by shoe-contact with the under side of the third rail, already described. Besides doing away with the smoke and gas generated by a steam-engine, it has the further advantage that, being a double-header, it is always in position to go forward, thus obviating the use of turn-tables, and making for economy both in yard space and in labor. It has been tested in all weathers and under all conditions that arise in practice, and has proved itself perfectly efficient.

Only less important from the point of view of the transportation problem of New York than Sprague's invention is the invention of the English engineer Greathead, for it may be justly said that without the shield which he devised the great tunnels beneath the Hudson and East Rivers would have remained impossible. The story of the

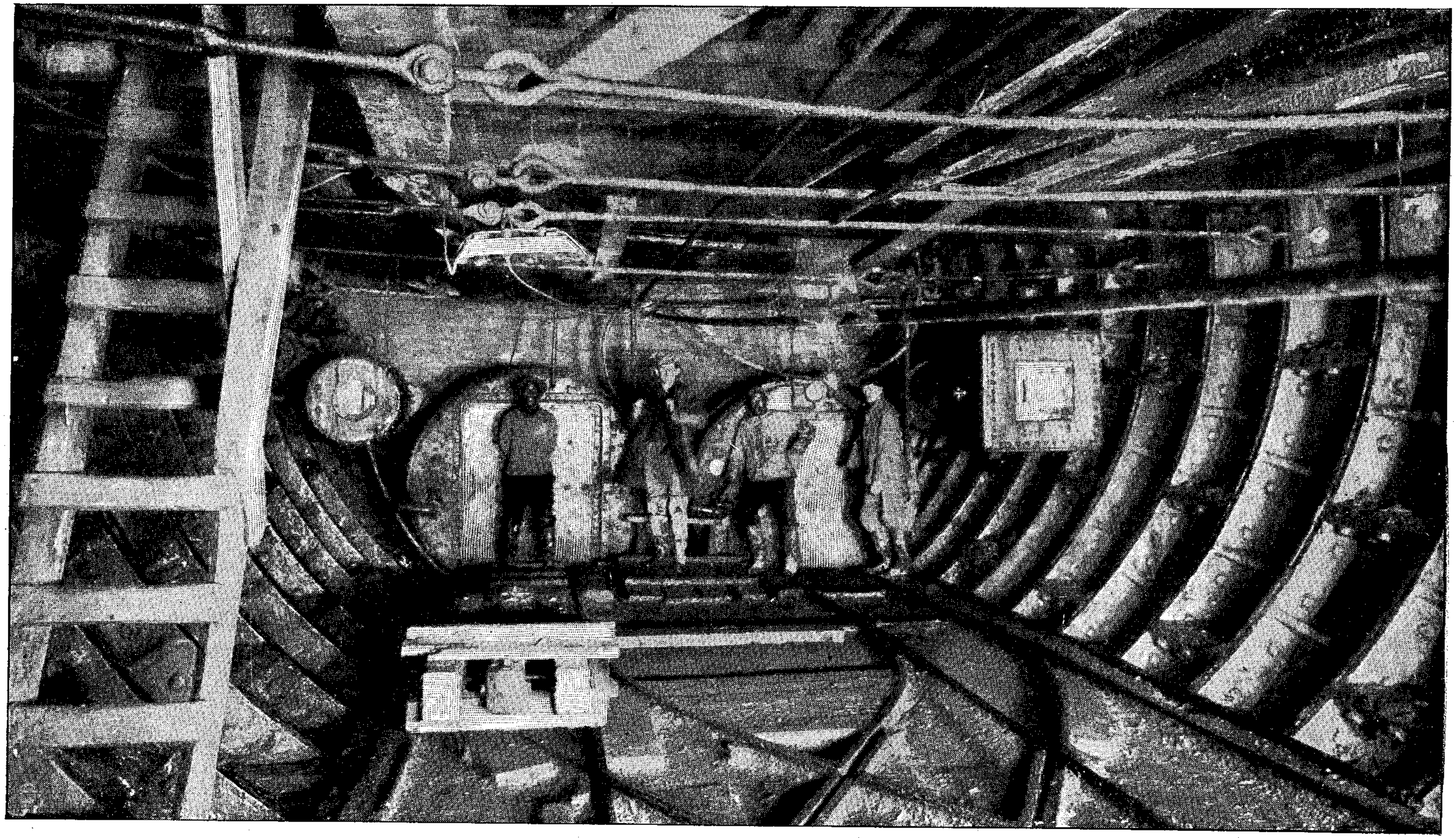


ERECTING A SECTION OF THE TUNNEL LINING

manner in which Greathead's inventive genius was brought to bear upon the traction problem of New York is an exceedingly romantic one. As early as 1879 a company of enterprising gentlemen concluded that tunnels must sooner or later supplant bridges as highways between Manhattan and the mainland. They decided that the best way to open the gates of New York was to burrow beneath the Hudson to the Jersey shore. With this object in view, they sank a brick shaft on the New Jersey side, and started to tunnel eastward. Their work was watched with curiosity by all the world, for they were the first to attempt the construction of a great tunnel with the exclusive assistance of compressed air. When they had gone twenty-three feet below tide-level, they built an air-lock into their brick shaft, from which they hoped the tunnel could be started. They decided to begin the break-up for the tunnel by opening the earth outward and timbering the roof of their excavation, while the sand or the rock or the silt of which it was composed was being removed and lifted to the surface. But the compressed air blew its way through the silt and permitted the water from the river above to filter down upon the workers, making their progress impossible. Undaunted, they decided to drive a temporary entrance or heading into the silt, from which to construct their tunnel tubes. This was accomplished by erecting, outside the air-lock, two rings formed of wrought-iron plates and angles, six feet four inches in diameter, four feet long, and bolted together. Then they ran a series of similar rings, each two feet six inches wide, and each succeeding one increasing about one foot six inches in diameter, until with the eleventh ring they reached the full diameter of the projected tunnel. With the aid of compressed air, which held up the silt and water at the face of this improvised tunnel, they began their work of excavation and started the construction, within a thin iron casing, of a tubular wall of brick, the material of which their permanent tunnel was to be made. They had not gone far, however, when one of the rings of the improvised temporary tunnel, which led from the air-lock to the tube of brick, yielded to the pressure of the compressed air. The tunnel was flooded and wrenched out of shape by the inrushing water, and twenty men were drowned. The company attempted by many other fruitless experiments to



THE CURVE AT GREENWICH AND CHRISTOPHER STREETS IN THE EAST-BOUND McADOO TUNNEL

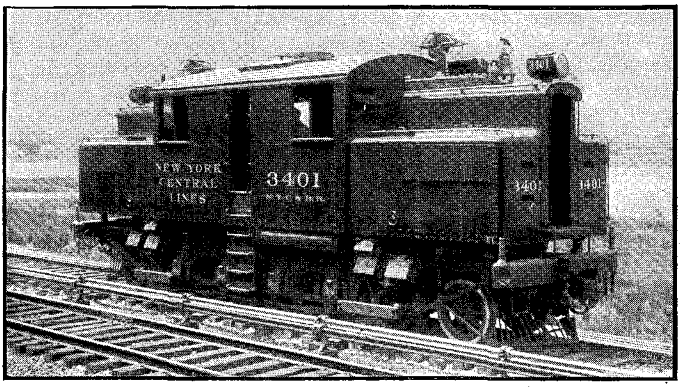


BEHIND THE SHIELD IN THE PENNSYLVANIA TUNNEL

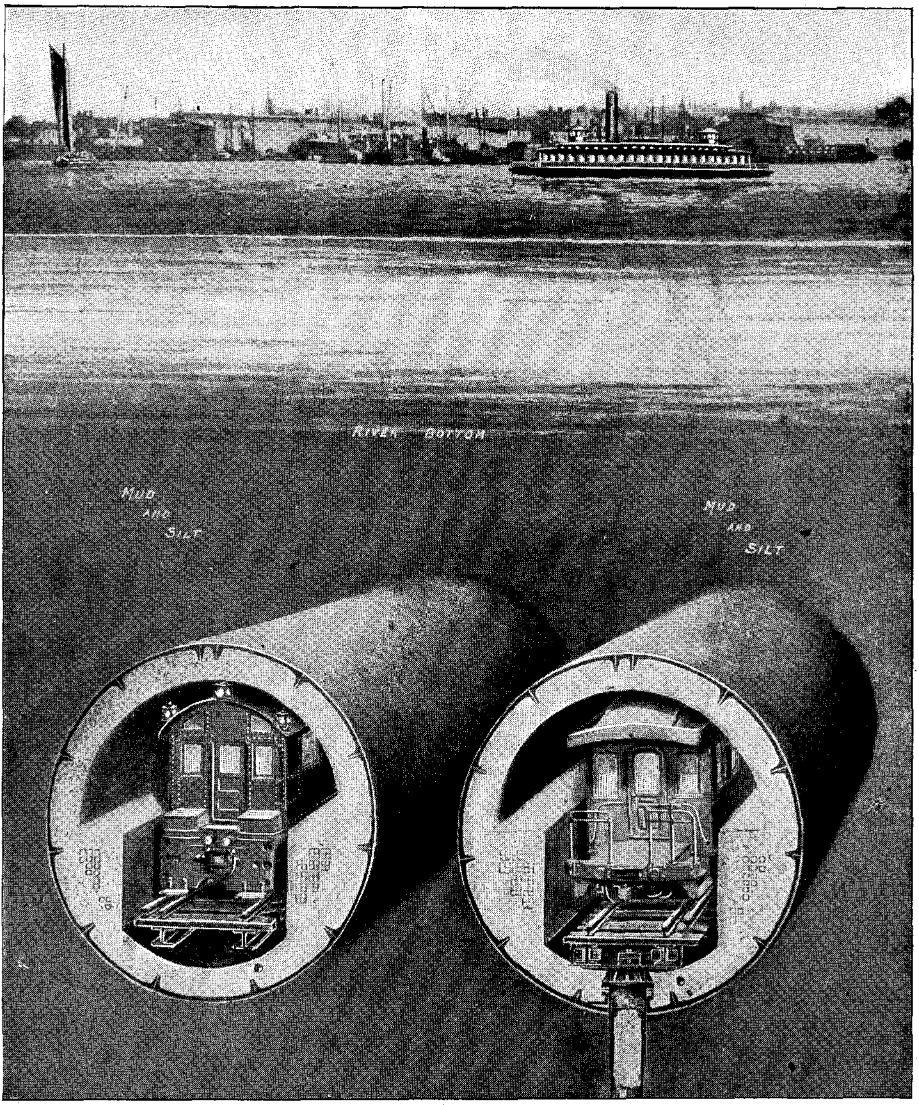
"Your path is crossed by a circular diaphragm, a great steel disc dotted with doors and twenty-three feet high'" continue their work, but in 1882 they gave up their project under the conviction that subaqueous construction beneath so deep and heavy a river as the Hudson was impossible.

In the meantime the population of Manhattan had grown so rapidly that what these pioneers had foreseen as a probable necessity had become a real one. In 1889 an English company, realizing that a sub-Hudson tunnel would be a valuable investment, consulted Sir B. Baker and Mr. James Henry Greathead. These gentlemen examined the abortive tubes beneath the Hudson, decided to substitute cast iron for brick as the permanent material of the tunnel, and devised a shield for its construction, which was the first of its kind to be built in any part of the world. The construction of this shield was intrusted to Mr. E. W. Moir, who is at the present time vice-president of the concern that is building the great Pennsylvania tunnels under the East River. From the point of view of tunnel construction, it is of little consequence that the funds of the English company were soon exhausted, and that the tunnel beneath the Hudson was not completed by them. The shield which Mr. Moir constructed from Greathead's design was the most perfect realization of an idea which had been evolving in the minds of engineers since Brunel, the Frenchman, constructed the first crude shield for the tunnel which he built beneath the Thames in the early part of the last century, and it has served as the pattern for all the shields that have been built since, as well as for those that are being used in the construction of the fourteen tunnels at present under way beneath the Hudson and the East Rivers.

In looking at the Greathead shield one feels himself in the presence not so much of an instrument of steel as of a material embodiment of an idea. When the shield is set to work beneath the river, it represents the accumulated intelligence of the many men who have worked upon the problem of subaqueous construction for generations. In appearance the shield resembles a great drum built of heavy steel plates. In the drumhead, called the diaphragm, there are doors for the passage of workmen and the withdrawal of mud and rock and silt. The upper drum rim is a cutting edge, which, when the shield is driven forward by hydraulic jacks, goes through the material in front like a biscuit-cutter, and holds up the river bed above while the biscuit of mud and silt is removed. The barrel of the drum, extending backward over the completed portion of the tunnel tube, forms the true shield for the men who set up the tunnel proper, ring by ring, within its protecting circumference. The bottom of the drum is at the same time the head of the completed tunnel tube, and is supplied with air-locks, through which workmen enter into the construction chamber within the shield. Immediately back of the drum-head there is a huge revolving crane called an "erector," also Greathead's invention, equipped with a muzzle like the jaws of an ant, which picks up the heavy sections of the tunnel rings, and, lifting them,



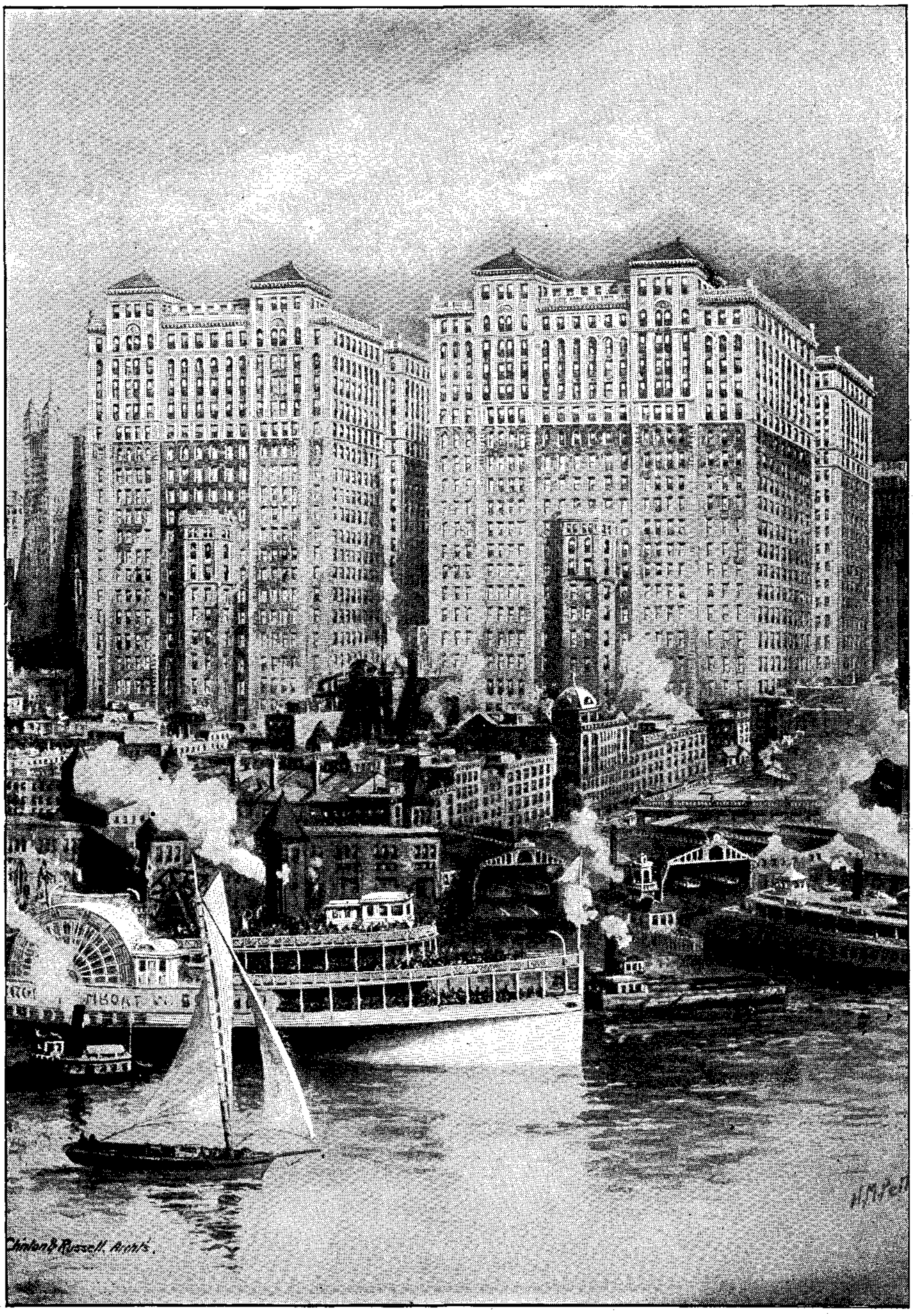
ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL



TWIN TUBES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA TUNNEL IN PLACE UNDER THE RIVER

holds them in place while the workmen bolt them together.

Few experiences are more impressive than a descent into one of the tunnels. You drop sixty feet or more beneath the surface of the ground to the level of the tunnel opening. If you chance to be entering the Pennsylvania tunnel, let us say, that has been driven at Thirty-second Street from the west side of Eleventh Avenue six thousand one hundred feet to the great shaft in Weehawken, you first pass through a long, circular cavern of rock which has been blasted out with dynamite without the aid of the shield. As you advance towards the river you come to the subaqueous section in which the shield was used. Here your path is crossed by a circular diaphragm, a great steel disc dotted with doors, and twenty-three feet high. At a little round window in one of these doors you see through the glass the eyes of a man. After some minutes, with a rush of steam, the door swings open, and a gang of men troop out. Now you enter this door with your guide, and find yourself in a small chamber, with benches at either side, like a compartment of a diminutive European railway coach. Your guide puts his hand on a lever above his head. There is a whistling of wind as the compressed air rushes in. The sensation reminds you of a weird tale by Poe. "Blow out your eardrums!" the guide shouts, as he looks anxiously at you. You try to seem unafraid, but the hollow sound of your guide's voice, and the wild whirl in your head, fill your mind with fantastic and uncouth imagery. It is a relief when

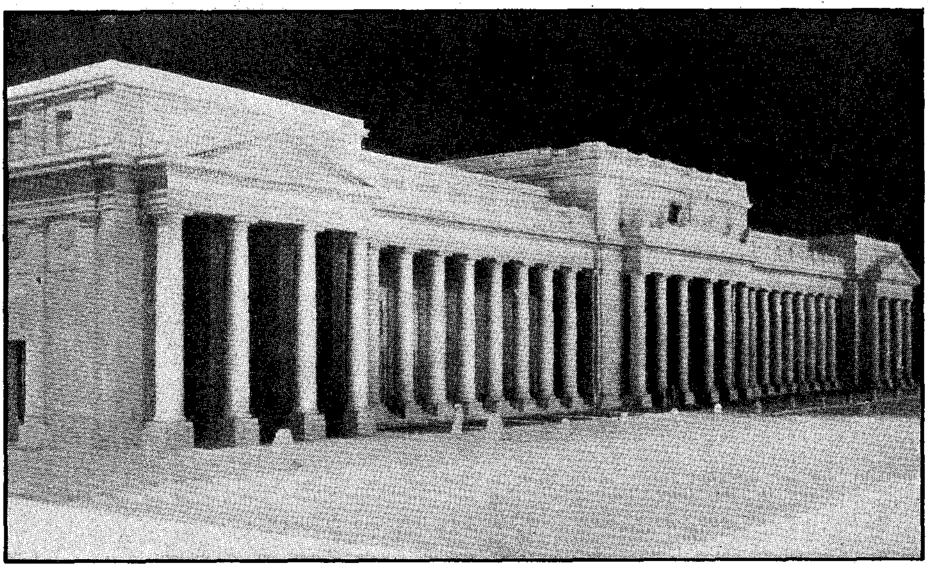


THE CORTLANDT STREET TERMINAL OF THE McADOO TUNNELS
From the architect's drawing

the door ahead of you swings open and you see the long, dim vista of the tunnel ahead. You enter into what appears to be the hollow carcass of a monstrous serpent, whose ribs stretch before you, round after round, apparently without end. Yet not very far away the bed of the river is flowing like a stream of black lava through a door in the shield, and the "sand-hogs," as tunnel workers are called, are loading it into little cars that stand on a track laid on the floor of the tunnel.

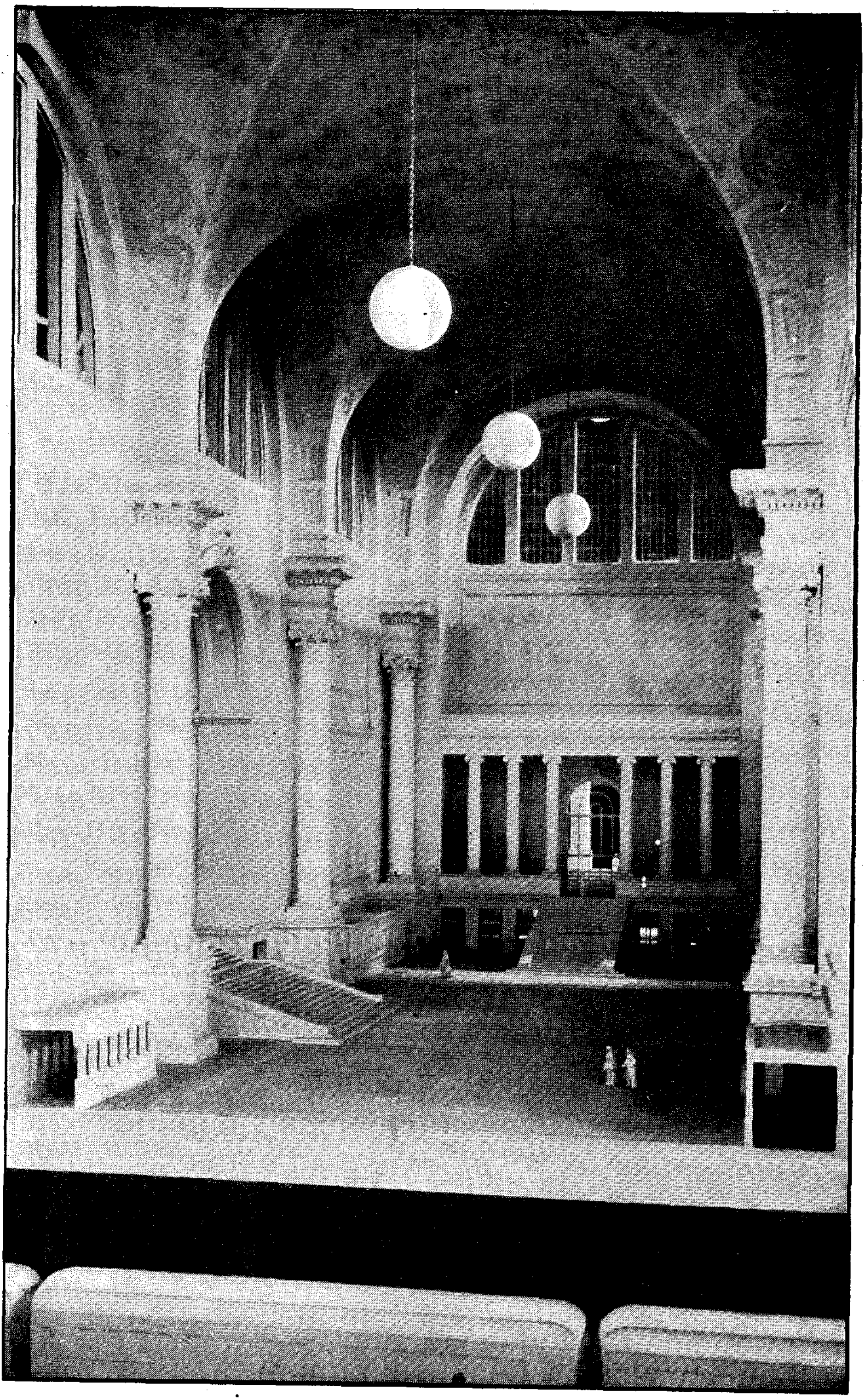
And now your guide explains to you the mystery of the compressed air. It is the air, driven at a pressure of thirty pounds to the square inch against it, that holds the fluid bed of the river in check. Often the men work in a pocket in front of the shield, and while they work the compressed air holds up the face of the excavation, blows out the water, and keeps the silt dry. But here is the danger. The pressure of the river varies with its depth—that is, with the length of the column of water that rises from the excavation to the surface of the stream; the pressure of the air is uniform at all points of the face of the excavation, and can therefore balance the pressure of the river only at a single point. Where the tunnel is twenty-three feet in diameter, the difference in the pressure of the river at the upper part of the shield and at the lower part may be as much as nine to eleven pounds. Now, ordinarily, the pressure of the air is made to balance the maximum pressure of the river at the bottom of the shield. So long, therefore, as the face of the excavation is composed of fairly compact material, everything goes well. But let the shield be driven into a stratum of over-liquid silt or quicksand, and the face of the excavation at the top of the shield is pretty sure to give way. Then the air "blows out" with a burst, its pressure within the shield is rapidly reduced, the equilibrium between it and the river is overcome, and the water rushes in like a hungry monster. Against this emergency a safety curtain is erected within the tunnel tube, but frequently enough the men cannot outdistance the river in their rush to cover, and thus many a good life has been lost.

But your guide will assure you that the men like their work. The engineer who conducted me through the tunnel told me how, when the two Pennsylvania tubes were approaching the line that separates New Jersey from New York, there was great rivalry between the forces in each of them to cross the border first. Day and night the men in either tube could hear the shouts and



THE PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL AT EIGHTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

From a model



THE CENTRAL WAITING-ROOM IN THE PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL

From the model. The position of the tracks is shown by the cars at the bottom of the model the singing of their neighbors beneath the river, and the cry of triumph that went up when the men in the southern tube won the race.

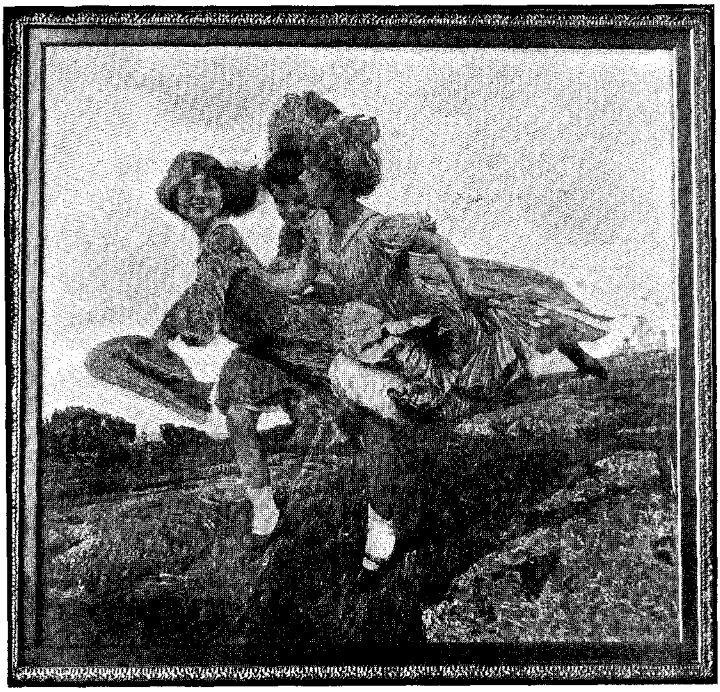
As you make your way out of the tunnel back into the open air, you feel that you have been in the presence not so much of a work of giants as of heroes. Every day the men who enter the tunnels take their lives in their hands, and the delight which they experience in their work is due to their consciousness of participation in an enterprise the successful conclusion of which will bring a boon to humanity.

I have dwelt upon the Pennsylvania tunnel and the New York Central sub-surface yards because they are typical of the major improvements now under way. If the reader will turn to the accompanying map of New York, he will see the larger scope of the works that are changing the metropolis from one of the most awkward and difficult of access to perhaps the most ample and convenient terminal in the world. Under the Hudson, westward from Thirty-second Street run the two great twenty-three-foot tunnels of the Pennsylvania, already in part described. Further south, at Christopher and again at Cortlandt Street, are the four so-called McAdoo tunnels, which, it is announced, are to be used by the Erie, the Lackawanna, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and by the suburban trains of the Interborough-Metropolitan Rapid Transit Company. From Battery Park, in Manhattan, to Joralemon Street, in Brooklyn, stretches the splendid tunnel built for the use of the Metropolitan Company by the city. Eastward from Thirty-fourth Street four Pennsylvania tunnels plunge beneath the East River to East Avenue in Long Island City. And above all these, in the reefs of Blackwell's Island, east of Forty-second Street, lie the two Belmont tunnel tubes. These tunnels, with their magnificent terminals at Morton and Cortlandt Streets, together with the great New York Central and Pennsylvania sub-surface yards, constitute the most important contributions which have thus far been made to the solution of New York's transportation problem.

But other improvements are in process of execution by the railways that will be hardly less important in their ultimate effect upon the commerce of the city, and to these I shall give a concluding word. Across the Hudson, at Greenville, on the long peninsula that stretches down between New York and Newark Bays, the Pennsylvania has for several years been building a freight yard which, when it is completed, will accommodate forty thousand cars. This yard is supplemented by a lighterage pier two thousand feet long, extending out into the water of New York Bay, and with three float bridges, equipped with the most modern and ingenious electrical machinery for the transfer of freight trains to the barges that carry them across to Bay Ridge in Long Island. At Bay Ridge another freight yard with lighterage piers and bridges has been laid out; and at Sunnyside, between Jackson and Morton Avenues in Long Island City, the Pennsylvania has just begun the excavation of what will be possibly the largest yard devoted to the exclusive use of the passenger service in the country. This Sunnyside yard, like the New York Central and Pennsylvania yards in Manhattan, will lie below the level of the city streets, which will be carried across it on steel viaducts or under it in tunnels, and its business will be transacted entirely by electricity. When completed, this yard will contain forty-five miles of track, capable of accommodating a few more than two thousand coaches. Finally, to the north of these yards a bridge has been planned that will carry traffic across Ward's and Randall's Islands to Port Morris in the Bronx. These Long Island terminals, if they will not be among the most conspicuous, are destined to be among the most useful, of the new gates of New York.

ART AND DEMOCRACY

SECOND PAPER



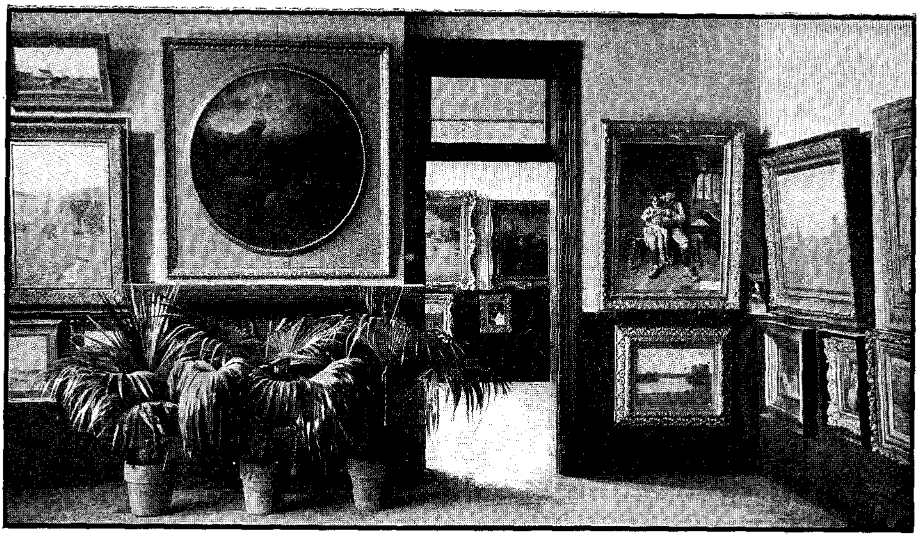
HARE AND HOUNDS
By H. M. Walcott
Bought from the Daniel G. Reid Purchase Fund in 1906

AN ART ASSOCIATION FOR THE PEOPLE

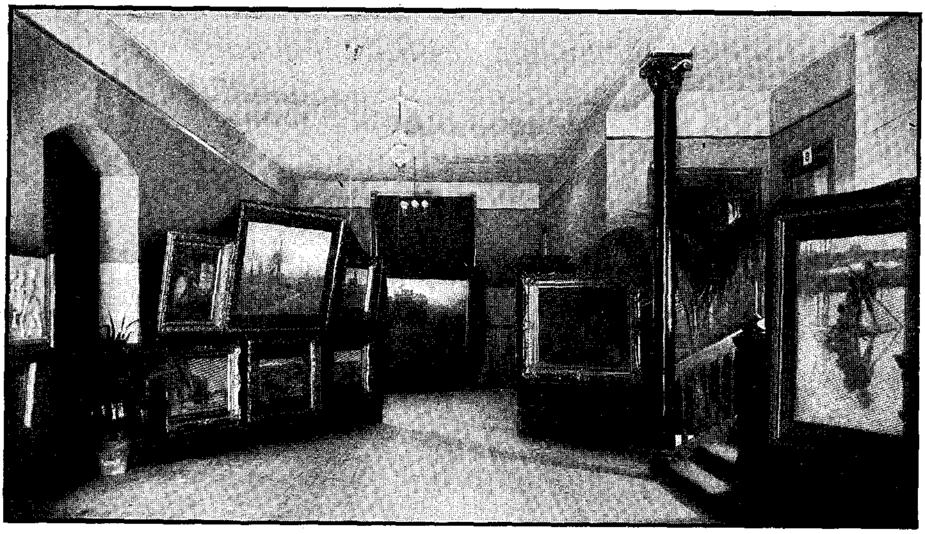
BY ELLA BOND JOHNSTON

WHEREVER people are wanting more beauty in public life, and are trying to do something, at first hand, to bring the pleasure of art to all the people of a community, the story of the Art Association of Richmond, Indiana, ought to be interesting and helpful. It attempts a democratic art movement which is thus far unique.

The Association is ten years old. A few citizens started it, and a few have been its vital force; but the number has grown steadily. In its first organization this Association brought together all the forces in the town that could be helpful in maintaining a public art movement. These forces have held together for ten years, and been so successful in arousing a community interest in beauty and art that "The Richmond Story" has become an inspiration to other towns. The Association is now an incorporated body, and is acquiring by purchase and donation a permanent collection of works of art. It numbers on its Board of Directors the Superintendent of the Public Schools, the Super-



THE OFFICE OF THE SCHOOL CONVERTED INTO A GALLERY



THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE CORRIDOR

visor of Drawing and two other public school teachers, two newspaper men, a lawyer, four local artists, a merchant, a college professor, the town's most distinguished citizen, and, of course, several enthusiastic club-women.

Such an organization, with so many influences co-operating for its success, will grow and live in a small city where a more exclusive art club would fail. What can be done in Richmond, with its population of twenty-five thousand, can be done in any city where are found a few people willing to work hard and make much personal sacrifice for the sake of a cause.

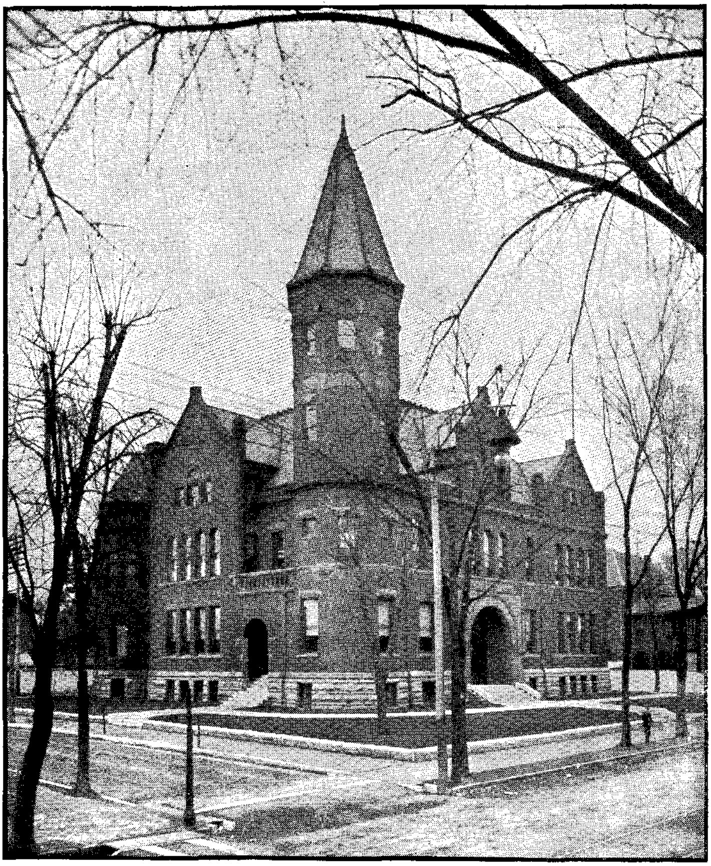
The leaders of this Art Association believe that beauty is an essential part of life, and that "art should not be for the few, any more than education or freedom is for the few." For ten years they have held annual Art Exhibits of a high order of merit, with doors open *free* to all the people of the town.

The expenses are met, in part, by the fifty-cent annual dues of a large membership, and five-dollar subscriptions from interested citizens. For the past four years the Common Council of the town deemed the art exhibit of sufficient civic importance to justify the appropriation from the town treasury of one hundred dollars for the Annual Exhibition expense fund. This is a significant and encouraging fact for those who believe that the people ought to have public beauty at public expense.

Last year we came near losing this hundred dollars from the Council. A new State law governing cities makes no provision for expending public money for such purposes. When the appropriation was proposed in Council, each member spoke in favor of it, and heartily commended the good work of the Art Association. The Mayor said it would be his duty to veto it, but that he would give ten dollars out of his own pocket to help make up the hundred.

At this uncertain stage of the proceedings the City Attorney appeared on the scene and made an unusual speech of some length. He said in part: "There has been nothing done in this city that has been of such great and widespread benefit as the annual art exhibits of the last ten years. The project deserves the support and backing of the city. It is a matter that is above the law. The *people* of Richmond want you to give this hundred dollars, and the people are greater than the law. You are justified in making this appropriation by the nature of the cause. All our people are enabled to see, without charge, examples of art such as are shown only in the finest galleries of the world. No one makes any money out of the exhibit; it is not a private matter. It is of broad influence and benefit, and deserves your support."

The appropriation was made by the unanimous vote of the Council.



GARFIELD SCHOOL

The public school-house in which the art exhibitions are held

When the history of the new democratic civilization we dream of is written, which will take some account of the souls of men, it ought to be recorded as one of the early symptoms that in the Hoosier town of Richmond, early in the twentieth century, the Common Council spent two hours one hot night in June, when business was pressing, discussing the value of a free art exhibit and appropriating money from the public treasury for its support.

From all these sources we have been successful each year in obtaining a fund that has equaled the expense and sometimes exceeded it by a sum large enough to purchase a picture for the Association. This would not be true were it not for the generous donation of the building in which the exhibitions are held, which is—wonderful to relate—a school-house; just a public school-house. However, in this case, it is a beautiful building, centrally located, and admirably adapted for exhibition purposes.

The use of this building, with lights and janitor service, is given free to the Art Association by a Superintendent and School Board who believe in the educational value of art exhibits, and in the school as the educational center of a community; who believe, with President Eliot, of Harvard, that "the main object in every school should be, not to provide the children with the means of earning a livelihood, but to show them how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and pleasure. To see beauty and to love it is to possess large securities for such a life."

We think we have successfully demonstrated that school-houses are possible art galleries, and might be used in all communities for such purpose.

Our exhibitions are held in June. The building is turned over to us on Saturday before the last week of school, and the private view for members is held on the following Tuesday evening. What happens in those few days is a fairy tale of the transformation of a school-house into an art gallery, with its twelve rooms and two large corridors entirely filled with exhibits.

We shake up our "enchanted rug" vigorously, and the desks are all removed from the rooms, false walls are put up, blackboards are covered with suitable background materials, draperies are hung, and in every way the building is made as attractive as possible. This actual labor of preparing the building and installing the exhibits is done by the janitor force of the schools and about fifty members of the Association, whom we call "The Faithful." This is not a small task when you consider that the insurance list covering the whole amount of exhibits each year generally foots up to one hundred thousand dollars. The teachers of the building sit in the furnace-room, in the basement, to finish their school reports, and smilingly say that they are willing to do so for the sake of the cause.

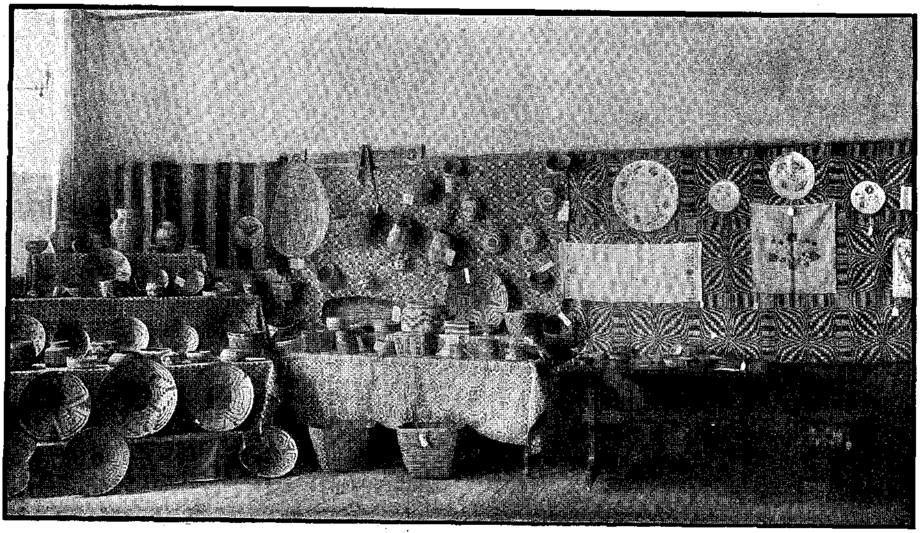
Believing that a beautiful ideal suitably and adequately rendered is art, whether it be on canvas, in clay, metal, or whatsoever, and, fortunately, not being hampered by precedents or traditions, this Association displays, along with paintings and sculpture, examples of handicraft in the various mediums and materials.

The catalogue of the last annual exhibition shows a collection of one hundred and fifty paintings by well-known American artists, prominent among whom are H. M. Walcott, Miss Ahrens, Thomas Anshutz, Mr. Breckenridge, Mary Cassatt, Thomas Eakins, Childe Hassam, Robert Henri, Edward Redfield, Horatio Walker, etc.; a group of fifteen pieces of sculpture; a notable exhibit of one hundred etchings by Cameron, Rembrandt, Seymour Haden, Whistler, Fisher, Dürer, Pennell, Helleu, etc., mostly loaned by the Library of Congress; a room of sketches and original drawings for illustration by some of the foremost American illustrators; a rare display of artistic photography, showing work from forty photographers, including the well-known Photo-Secessionists; five hundred and fifty pieces of handicraft in pottery, metals, books, leather, and textiles; an exhibit of paintings and carbon photographs belonging to the public schools; and the work of the drawing and manual training departments.

We have found American painters

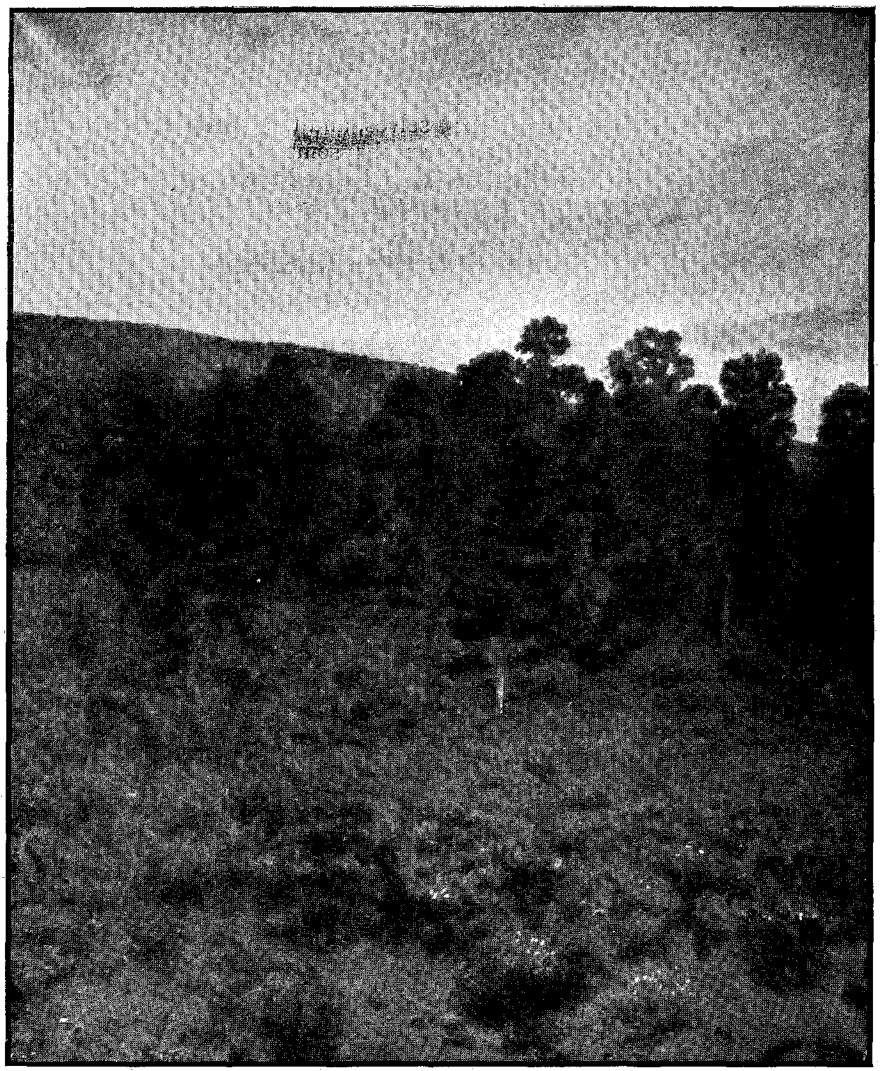
much interested in our art movement, and more than generous in responding to our invitation to exhibit their pictures in Richmond. As a special inducement in obtaining really good paintings, we have annually the Daniel G. Reid Purchase Fund of five hundred dollars, given us by a former Richmond man, to be used for the purchase of a painting exhibited in the annual exhibition. We have had the fund four years, and with it have purchased and added to our permanent collection the following paintings: "The Duet," Henry Mosler; "Late Afternoon, Litchfield Hills," Ben Foster; "Old Pastures," Leonard Ochtman; and "Hare and Hounds," H. M. Walcott. These names speak for themselves, and the fact that we own them speaks something at least of what we have learned to appreciate.

These four pictures, with nine others which we bought with the surplus expense fund, and one which was purchased for us by a woman's club, make up our collection of fourteen really good paintings—an encouraging beginning for the collection we hope some day to see hanging in a beautiful public gallery in Richmond—if some good angel who knows



A VARIETY OF RAFFIA AND GRASS NOVELTIES

THE ANTIQUE CORNER



LATE AFTERNOON—LITCHFIELD HILLS
By Ben Foster
Owned by the Richmond Art Association

what beauty means to life could be looking our way and see our need.

The well-known "Hoosier Group" of painters always exhibit with us, and for our own Richmond artists we make a special opportunity to display their work. To encourage these artists in our State we have the Mary T. R. Foulke prize of fifty dollars to be awarded annually for the most meritorious painting by a resident Indiana artist.

The attendance on these exhibitions has equaled the astonishing number—astonishing for an art exhibit—of half the population. Forty neighboring towns sent visitors to the last exhibition. All the children of the public schools visit it with their teachers, as do also the pupils and teachers of three large parochial schools.

To make the exhibition better understood by the children, talks are given to them about the various exhibits. Much might be written of this experience with the children, of their enjoyment, of the surprising things they say, of the serious interest with which they study the catalogue, and of their evident growth in understanding. It is needless to say that they come again dragging along wondering and sometimes unwilling parents. In this way all sorts of people get to the exhibition, who would have little chance in their lives for the enjoyment of art if it were not brought thus freely to them.

We sometimes call the Art Exhibit our most beautiful public charity. It is gratifying to find how many people want to help a cause that is for the benefit of every one in the community. Our florists send plants and cut flowers to beautify the building, a piano company of the town each year during the exhibition gives a complimentary concert to the Association, the city band and orchestra play without charge when invited to do so, and our daily papers always give us any amount of courteous and helpful publicity.

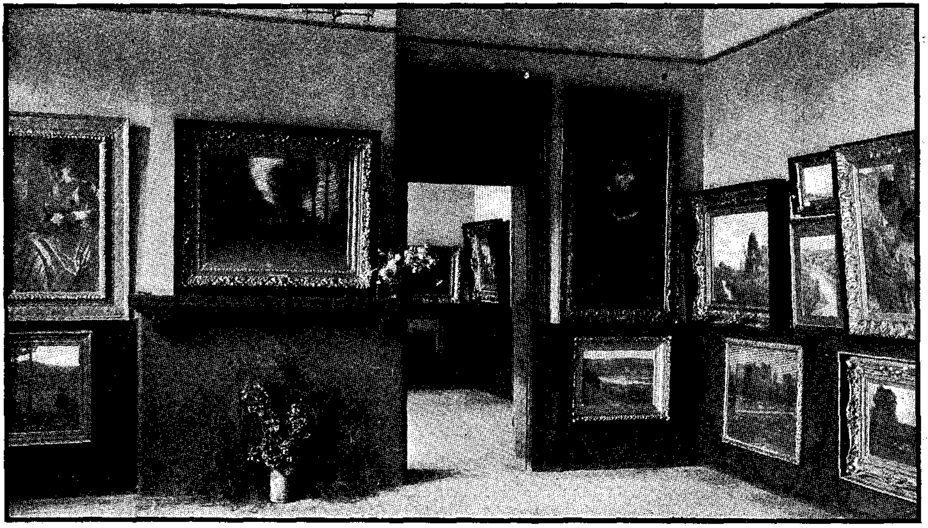
This interesting of the whole community makes the assertion really seem true that "this annual exhibition has become a democratic festival."

It is difficult to estimate the educational influence of these exhibitions. One noticeable result is the progress the Richmond painters have made in their work. It cannot be said that these artists are without honor in their own town. Their work always hangs in the exhibition, and the citizens take a genuine interest in it. This opportunity for exhibiting their own pictures and for studying the work of other artists has been the inspiration of their progress during the past ten years. In such native development among groups of artists elsewhere throughout our country, in a similar appreciative atmosphere, lies the beginning of hope for a truly American art. Are not ideals of beauty held in common, a common knowledge of the principles of artistic expression, a common wonder and joy and appreciation for a work of art, all necessary to that art atmosphere so essential to the development of a national art?

The close association of the public schools with the exhibition has been the opportunity for better school-room decoration. Three of the best landscapes in our last exhibition were bought by schools. Most of the school buildings have paintings secured at the exhibitions. Among these are a Forsyth, an Albright, a Walter Palmer, a Carlton Wiggins, etc.

Through the exhibitions our people have become acquainted with American painters and craftsmen. The standard of taste in Richmond has been elevated; at least we have been set thinking about things beautiful.

The display of handicrafts is changing our ideals of beauty in all those environing things which we must see and use and think about in the daily life. Our citizens generally are more alive to the



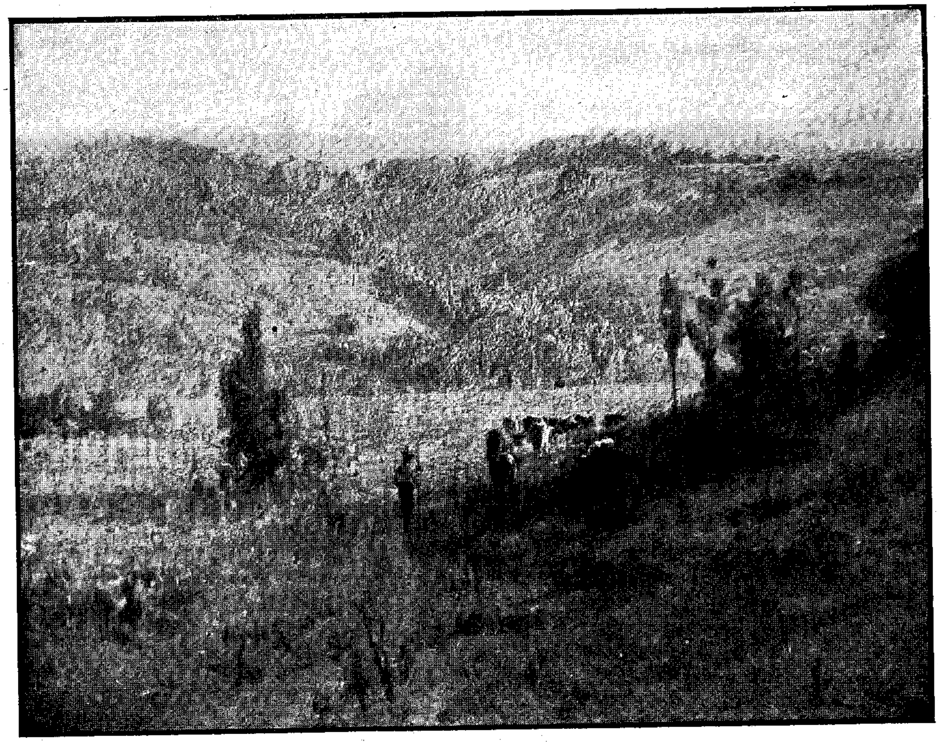
ONE OF THE CLASS-ROOMS TURNED INTO AN ART GALLERY need of preserving the natural beauty of the town's situation, and adding to it parks and boulevards, and they are learning that beauty has not only a spiritual value, but also a value in dollars and cents.

We have discovered from studying landscape painting that, having eyes, we yet did not see the beauty of our own familiar landscape. We are learning to see.

In our third annual exhibition we had on display a landscape, "The Whitewater Valley," painted by T. C. Steele. It was a scene in our own river valley some miles below us. We ought to have been familiar with it. The Board wanted to buy the picture, but did not have money enough. So we tried to interest people in it, in the hope that they might like it well enough to help out with the money. Their comments were interesting. They all seemed to think that it ought to be all right if Mr. Steele painted it. Most of them said it was beautiful. Some of them frankly thought it was not. But they invariably said, "I never saw anything in nature that looks like that." It was true, they had not. We might have given them that famous retort, "Don't you wish you could!" but we did not feel that way, and thought we could afford to wait. We got the money, and bought the picture, and waited. Each year it hangs in our exhibition, and each year many come to say, "We have seen for ourselves." "The shadows in the Whitewater Valley are more purple and the atmosphere more hazy than the artist dared to paint them." So we have learned what Browning meant when he wrote, "We love first, when we see them painted, things we have passed, perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."

Books have been written about how to look at pictures. We have had the rare opportunity of observing how the same people *do* look at pictures year after year—our neighbors, friends, and acquaintances. We know what they feel, think, and say.

The unconscious joy of the children,



THE WHITEWATER VALLEY
By T. C. Steele
Owned by the Richmond Art Association

the keen, wide-awake interest of boys and young men, the gush of the girls, the critical attitude of students, the despair of the foreign traveled, the appreciation of real art-lovers, the tears of sensitive, hungry souls, and the growth in intelligent appreciation of all of these, make the effort for the art exhibit, seem worth while.

We hope to keep this democratic art movement alive in Richmond for twenty-five years, that a generation of children may grow up under its influence. Perhaps by that time we can know the full value of such influence and can write a book about how people look at pictures.

Art holds out to well-ordered human beings legitimate and infinite sources of happiness. The works of art brought by the Art Association furnish to our people a high kind of pleasure which otherwise would be left out of their lives. It is *something* to have made that possible in one small city.

"THOUGHTS FROM THE DISH-PAN"

THE STORY OF A STUDENT COOK

THE Japanese question is in temporary abeyance, but it is nevertheless a coming problem. There are in the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles alone fifteen thousand Japanese of varying grades, from the coolie to the most enlightened student. The former class is not proportionately numerous, as in the case with the Chinese. The larger part of them are here as higher-class servants, merchants, or as students in our schools.

There are two daily newspapers and two weekly magazines published in the Japanese language in Los Angeles, and clubs without number. There is even a Woman's Club. Nearly all the churches are doing mission work among them, and a Buddhist temple is soon to be built by them.

In business the Japanese are meeting the Greeks on their own ground with their own weapons. Los Angeles has been a real estate battle-ground for several years, and the agents are looking with dismay at the little brown men. On a conspicuous street corner is a huge signboard stating, in Japanese characters, that the Japanese Investment Company will build a modern steel and brick structure of five stories, and those who wish to secure offices must apply early. This company has been incorporated, and although a young affair, has already made money in city and country investments. It is unique in that not only are the leading and more influential Japanese concerned in it, but any common laborer who can pay in five dollars each month may become a shareholder in the profits.

Already in Los Angeles the Japanese control enough land to come into competition with white men as growers of small fruits, and especially numerous are the little strawberry farms. The investment company already spoken of is about to buy one thousand acres not far from the city, which is to be divided into small farms, with a Jap in control of each. A village with houses for the laborers and business offices for the officers will be the center of the industrial plan.

This all shows the Jap as a money-maker. I think, in a general way, this remarkable people may be divided into two classes, the commercial and the student. Under the head of the latter comes my cook, who may serve as a fair type. When Kanaya came to us, I was struck with his rather unusual face—eyes that expressed a great deal of feeling, and quite unlike the usual slant and expressionless Oriental eye. During the mutual cross-examination one of the conditions expressed was that he should have time each day to study. This we promised, for we were in despair as to our kitchen, and willing to promise anything.

Kanaya arrived, and became a member of our household. He proved to be a very good servant in many ways, although there are days when not only genius burns, but also the roast and muffins. However, we learned to respect his moods, for when he really walks on earth he is good, unfailingly courteous unless his very sensitive feelings are hurt, faithful, honest, and a good cook.

Going into his room one day to see about a needed change, I found Carlyle's Life of Schiller, Goethe, Quick's Educational Reformers, and among his Japanese books were Lives of Buddha, Confucius, and Christ. He is making a study of comparative religions. He tells me that Buddhism is much more in line with the philosophical mind of the Japanese students, but Christianity is more in harmony with progress, and therefore better suited for the present needs of Japan, besides being simpler and better understood by the common people.

If I have guests, and a new or interesting subject is introduced when Kanaya is in the room, it is with the greatest difficulty that he withdraws, and afterward I am catechised as to what was meant. Of course one learns to know that the curiosity of these people is not intended as an impertinence, but is a part of their thirst for knowledge, and inasmuch as they do not belong to the servant class in their own country, they have not learned the attitude of servants, as this is interpreted in white countries.

Kanaya is able to quote glibly from the poets, from Petrarch to Poe, and as glibly from the philosophers, beginning with the earliest reasoning day.

Of course there is a little vanity about it, but it is not surprising that he is proud of his ability to read and understand in English this class of literature. He seems to be equally at home among painters; Turner, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rembrandt, Watts, and their methods are at his tongue's end. He himself can paint charmingly and with great feeling. For instance, a rose in the garden will appeal to him, and he paints it as he sees it, not in the flat but artistic way of the Japanese, but the *real* rose.

Kanaya is a great reader of the newspapers, especially if any question concerning his beloved Japan is discussed. When a traveler asserted that an outsider was not allowed in the public schools of Japan and also could not buy property, he told me that the American people had a great many "mis-notions" about his country. The schools are not free to the Japanese themselves; the government having required all its money for war and defense, it demands school fees of the people, which they gladly pay. Koreans, Chinese, and "Indes" are allowed in the schools, and the fact that there are no white children is probably because the foreigners have never wanted to study in the Japanese language and with Japanese methods. As for buying property, the country is so exceedingly small that if the rich Americans should come in and buy the mines and other valuable property, they could soon buy up the Empire.

The greatest motive in Kanaya's life is to do something for Japan, either on social or patriotic lines, or perhaps write some great thing. His present life is merely a preparation. Apropos of the kitchen work, he said to me that the only thing that ennobled it was that it had to be done. He painted a picture for me and signed his poet name, which was written in two characters, one standing for "pine-tree" and the other for the sound that the wind makes in the branches of the pine-tree; which, being explained, was that the pine-tree stands for Japan, and the sound of the wind is his own voice, which will sometime sound through Japan, and, like the wind, no one will know where it comes from or where it goes—it is enough to know that he has sung for Japan.

One evening an officer in the German army, a young English gentleman, and a very successful young American were dining with us. I noticed that Kanaya was listening very intently to the conversation as he was serving the table. After all the guests had gone he came in from the kitchen and asked if he could read a "few thoughts from the dish-pan," which proved to be something like this, that the lack of seeming success and heredity does not make or unmake the man—he is the man only who proves himself one by meeting a sordid life bravely. He carried the thought out in careful and elaborate English—the old thought that "a man's a man for a' that."

Another "dish-pan thought" I found written in a book in which I wrote the daily menu and orders for the grocer and butcher: "He lingers between heaven and earth; now he seeks the pleasure of the earth, which grasps his heart with mysterious hand. The world is sweet and the world he loves, yet his spirit, the inner self, aspires for the higher sphere. Then he turns, as if whispered to by an unknown power. He seems to possess two separate selves: in his worldly character one would find a Godly spot; and in his best, too, one would not claim for him to be pure."

Carlyle is Kanaya's favorite philosopher, and there are days when he fancies that he is like Carlyle, and consequently it is rather a distinction to be so absorbed and melancholy that he forgets the baking-powder!

The love of beauty with the Japanese is a passion which dwarfs everything else in their nature, unless it is patriotism. The daily lectures on beauty and poetry were interspersed with politics. The unexplained granting of the franchise to the negro and withholding it from the yellow man he cannot understand. The seemingly universal repulsion that the white man has for the black, even more than for the yellow, he naïvely ascribes to the fact that they are a little more hideous than the yellow man.

Any new word or phrase of mine was subject to immediate analysis. We were in the throes of a very annoying gas famine, and I flippantly remarked that we were "up against it," meeting of course the usual "What iss that?" I was in a hurry, and dismissed it with a brief definition: "Oh, up against it is when you can't get anything for love or money." Later in the day I found written in a book in beautiful handwriting, "Up against it: when you can not get anything for love or money." My sins of slang had found me out, and I feel a great responsibility now that I may be unconsciously writing a Japanese-English dictionary.

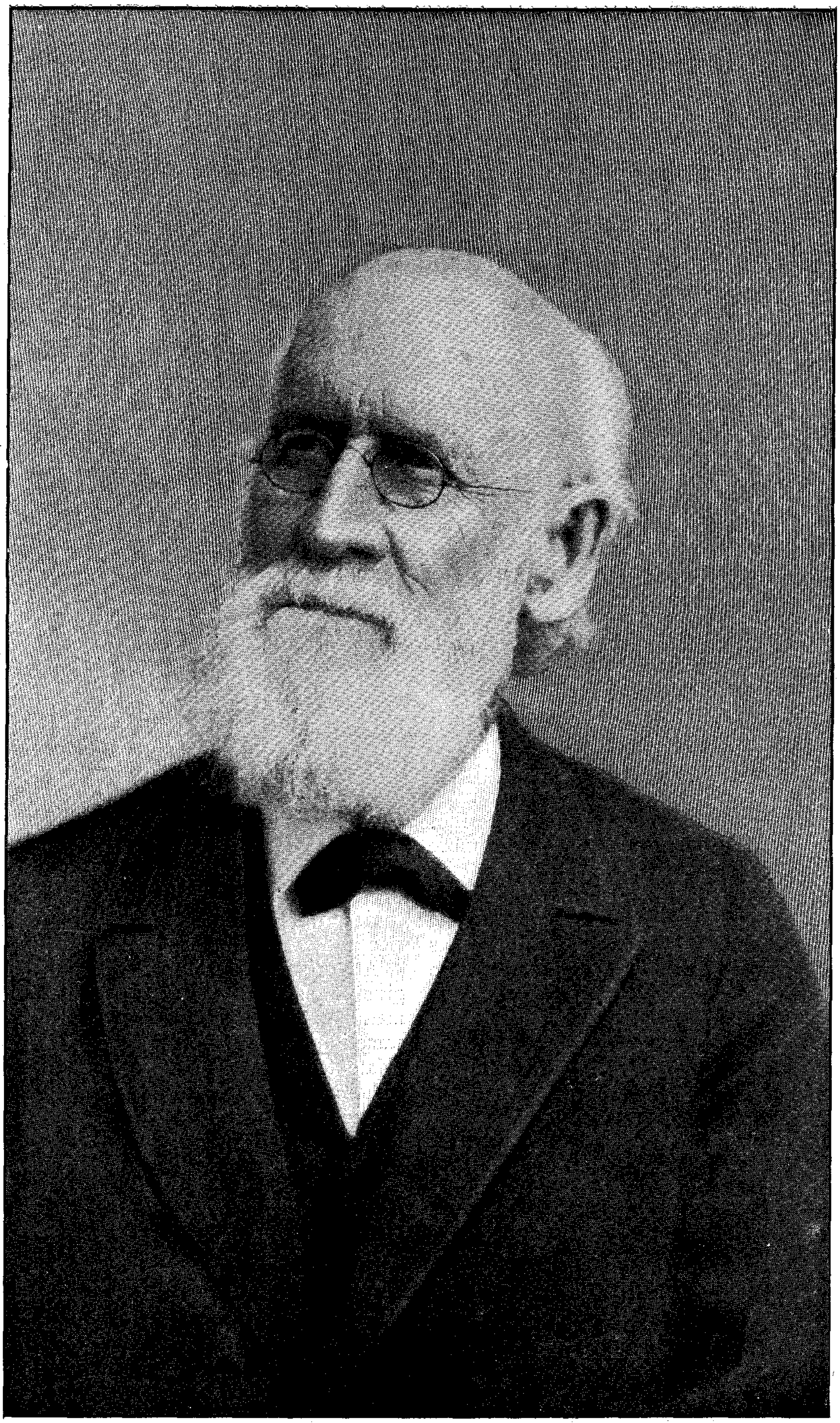
Kanaya deplores the talk of war, and says Japan has all it can do to fill up its depleted treasury and take care of the educational problem without making war; after some years it may be different, but not now. He adds innocently, "The Japanese are late in coming out [sic], and all the other countries have taken everything, but we will be felt."

Kanaya's father is a teacher in Japan, and was one of the first to study the sciences and philosophies of other lands, although he could not read them in the original. He is also a landowner, and rents his land in small farms to other Japanese. It was against his father's wishes that Kanaya came to this country, and so he has never asked his father for financial aid, although there have been times when he has lived on five cents a day. He tells me that he could have secured a very profound education in his own country; it is not because they can not get a good education in their own country, ah, no, not at all, but it is good discipline for their minds and characters to come to this land. Although not expressed, he rather implies that contact with a freer, ruder, and more material people is an excellent thing for the artist, dreamer, and philosopher of his land.

Are there any farming people in the world quite like them? Kanaya tells me that during the rainy season or on feast days the farmers meet at one another's houses and write a poem or paint a picture—not a long poem but a little one, expressing the thought as the picture does, in a few lines. Kanaya calls the people who live in the country "farmers," but this is too heavy a word to my mind to describe these little men who cultivate rice and live in bamboo houses.

At Christmas time we decided we would give Kanaya books, and the various members of the family, moved by the same impulse, bought him books appropriate to his remarkable taste. It was rather a new experience buying your cook Marcus Aurelius, Emerson, and a volume of Lamb's Essays; and, to our dismay, not only had he read these books, but he had them already in his library!

To live for Japan and to die for Japan is the sole ambition of this little brown man. I am very much of the opinion that we are all like the Irish gardener who called a Japanese a Chinaman, which the Japanese resented, and said to Mike, "I see that you do not understand the difference between a material and a spiritual civilization."



DR. EDWARD HITCHCOCK
Affectionately known to more than a generation of Amherst students as "Old Doc"

CREATIVE AMERICANS

"OLD DOC" HITCHCOCK

CREATOR *of a* SYSTEM *of* PHYSICAL EDUCATION

BY BURGES JOHNSON

SOME honest old pessimist now and again tells us that a college education is not what it was in his day. In that golden time noses were held to the grindstone and there was no frittering away of opportunity—no such devotion to athletics, nor the carnage of the football field, nor dancing nor drinking nor debt. Our earnest old friend remembers the better part, and perhaps sees something of a rainbow in the mist that obscures his memory. Every generation has its studious sons, and it is doubtless true that in those days before the sixties concentration on a few matters gave a thoroughness of mastery that later student-minds lack. But the happy-go-lucky spirits of that day—the boys who went to college only because they were sent—and the roystering lads and the thoughtless ones—were they given no chance of betterment? The athletic field and the gymnasium as an outlet for exuberance did not exist, nor the training-table with its object-lesson in healthy living. And, good Pessimist, what of those studious ones held to the grindstone till thousands laid the foundation of a lifetime's ill health, weak-eyed, anæmic, hollow-chested?

Things were not so perfect then in the student world, nor so bad now as one will discern if he but adjust the lenses in his glasses; some of our older educators have lived to see and to recognize the two extremes, over-attention to the mind and over-attention to the body; and one of the men who has done most, in his shrewdly wise way, to swing the pendulum toward a common-sense center is Dr. Edward Hitchcock, the central figure of this sketch.

In the year 1859, William A. Stearns, D.D., President of Amherst College, delivered a notable address to his trustees in which the idea was "impressively set forth that without the support of well-developed bodily powers and functions the mental faculties could not reach their full development," from which conclusion he developed the theory that "students should receive discipline in the care of their bodies as well as of their intellects, and that the government of the college should give a proper attention to physical health, as well as to the culture of those powers for which departments were ordinarily created and endowments made." Axiomatic enough, no doubt, in these days, but one must bear in mind that some fifty years of progress in pedagogy have elapsed since that address was delivered.

President Stearns was then in the sixth year of his administration—a man of prominence in the State, and of wide renown as an educator. He had been a resident of Cambridge, and for a number of years a member of the State Board of Education. The presidency of Amherst was a position, perhaps, of greater comparative prominence then, before the distended universities of to-day had outgrown their neighbors. Only thirty-eight years before, Amherst had sprung, Minerva-like, fully armed from the head of Williams College, departing, however, from the classic parallel in that she took the head with her; and the parent was at this time only just recovered from the shock. State universities were few and in their infancy, and the Nation looked almost wholly to New England for theories on education. The pronouncement of President Stearns, therefore, came from a high pulpit and found a wide audience. Doubtless the time was ripe for it—certainly the times needed it. In Amherst there had occurred during the first of the Stearns administration "the sad deaths of two promising young men, the breaking down in health of others just at the end of their college courses, and there existed a general apathy in regard to bodily health"—this in a country college where a beautiful hill-top location and pure air made for physical development. Similar or worse conditions prevailed among student bodies elsewhere.

So the seed fell at a good time upon ready soil. The trustees of the College were impressed. One among their number, Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, in a paper read twenty years ago before the American Academy of Medicine, wrote in reminiscence: "This appeal produced at once a strong impression on the Board of Trustees. The writer having for years made a special study of physiology in its application to education and health, and fully appreciating the importance of good health to students in college, was prepared to second President Stearns's appeal and to enter heartily into the work."

Columbus did not invent the theory of the earth's rotundity—he merely acted upon it; Edward Hitchcock did not invent the idea of physical education, and full credit is due President Stearns and Dr. Allen for the impetus given a great idea, the discovery of which might, upon conscientious research, be thrown back to classic times. However that may be, in 1859 the trustees of Amherst blazed a new path for American colleges by creating a Department of Physical Education and Hygiene. The catalogue of the following year described the innovation as follows:

> Its design is to secure healthful daily exercise and recreation to all of the students; to instruct them in the use of the vocal organs, movements of the body, and manners, as connected with oratory; and to teach them, both theoretically and practically, the laws of health. This daily physical training is a part of the regular college course. The professor is an educated physician, and has not only a general oversight of the health of the College, but the students have the privilege of consulting him without charge. While the gymnasium will furnish opportunities for the highest physical training, the required exercises will be such as can be performed without undue effort or risk of injury.

Among the duties of this professorship, as outlined by Dr. Allen and approved by the whole Board, the following are of particular interest:

> To have a general oversight of the health of the students, and to give such instruction on the subject as may be deemed expedient, . . . under the direction of the faculty, like all other studies.
>
> To give lectures, from time to time, on hygiene, physical culture, and other topics pertaining to the laws of health, including some general knowledge of anatomy and physiology. . . .
>
> All the students shall be required to attend on its [the gymnasium's] exercises for half an hour, designated for the purpose, at least four days in the week. . . .
>
> While it may not be expedient to mark the gradation of attainment as in the intellectual branches, yet regularity, attention, and docility should be carefully noted, so as to have their proper weight in the deportment column of the student's general position.
>
> The instructor ought to be a member of the faculty, and give in to it his marks and occasional accounts, and receive directions as other officers of the College are accustomed to do.

Here was a broad enough foundation, surely, for the use of the right builder.

Dr. J. W. Hooker, of New Haven, a recent graduate of Yale College and Medical School, was the first incumbent of the chair. Ill health forced his resignation but a few months later, and his death soon followed. In the meantime a generous friend of the College supplied funds for the housing of the department, and in 1860 there was built the Barrett Gymnasium, the first building of its kind to be erected in America. Over the door of it were graven these words, spoken by Professor Owen, of the British Museum:

> Such are the dominating powers with which we, and we alone, are gifted!
>
> I say gifted, for the surpassing organization was no work of ours.
>
> It is He that hath made us, not we ourselves. This frame is a temporary trust; for the uses of which we are responsible to the Maker.
>
> Oh! you who possess it in the supple vigor of lusty youth, think well what it is that He has committed to your keeping. Waste not its energies; dull them not by sloth; spoil them not by pleasures! The supreme work of creation has been accomplished that you might possess a body—the sole erect—of all

animal bodies the most free, and for what? for the service of the soul.

Strive to realize the conditions of the possession of this wonderful structure. Think what it may become—the Temple of the Holy Spirit! Defile it not. Seek, rather, to adorn it with all meek and becoming gifts, with that fair furniture, moral and intellectual, which it is our inestimable privilege to acquire through the teachings and examples and ministrations of this Seat of Sound Learning and Religious Education.

To this new department, on which the eyes of the educational world were focused, the trustees called young Dr. Edward Hitchcock. He came as a full professor, with his department uniquely housed in a building of its own; he faced the untried proposition that physical as well as mental training was within the province of the College, and that therefore attention to such training on the part of the student must be reckoned as a part of required work; and that proficiency therein must receive credit toward the earning of a degree. It was necessary for the young doctor to build upon this basis a working system.

Dr. Hitchcock was then thirty-three years old. He was born in Amherst on May 23, 1828, a son of Professor Edward Hitchcock, who afterward became President of the College. He fitted for Amherst at the Amherst Academy and Williston Seminary, and graduated in 1849. Then followed a full course at the Harvard Medical School. Among his college classmates were William J. Rolfe, the Shakespearean scholar, and President Julius H. Seelye.

At the time of this call he had recently left an instructorship at Williston and was studying comparative anatomy in London as a private pupil of Sir Richard Owen, Curator of the British Museum. With the best technical training his day could provide, with a fine physique, with high moral ideals, and with enthusiasm, Dr. Hitchcock became a part of Amherst College.

It is not the purpose of this article to write of that institution save only in so far as it chanced to be the scene of Edward Hitchcock's labors. The small colleges of New England have been and still are a power for good in the world to an extent which no man may measure. It is a common and justifiable claim on the part of these institutions that with them the relation between graduate and Alma Mater is an unusually personal and intimate one. Forty-nine successive classes of Amherst students have "sat under" Dr. Hitchcock—nearly five thousand of his "boys," graduate and non-graduate, of whom forty-one hundred are living to-day in every part of the world. Every one of them he has known by name; more than that, he has known each man's chest expansion, and his "pull-up," and some forty other listed and intimate physical details, and has rejoiced with him over every least showing of gain; but, more than that, through all these years he has believed that he held retainer as personal counsel for every troubled student before the high court of college government. Many cases has he pleaded there, while many seemingly hopeless ones never got to court as a result of a shrewd, searching, kindly talk in that little office in the "gym." Cases of actual want or need he has always felt belonged to his special department. His tact found a way where pride seemed insurmountable; and various foreign lads, from Bulgaria to Japan, who trusted themselves in a confiding way to this great Republic, expecting to gather food and clothing and an education as freely as manna was gathered by the Israelites of old, never had their ideals shattered because of Dr. Hitchcock. Physician of soul as well as of body he has been, yet any measure here of the value of his stated work can never take into full account that other side. Dr. Edward Hitchcock of the college catalogue may be appreciated to some extent; "Old Doc," who heads the faculty list in the hearts of thousands of living, working citizens, is beyond any possible appraisal.

We have wandered too soon in this paper from the "founding of a system of physical education." Dr. Hitchcock saw no paths marked out for him. Common sense was his chief guide. A letter written a few weeks ago by the old Doctor summarizes in his own words much that has already been said:

> When a six or eight year old boy, I well remember the oak grove in rear of chapel, in which were a crude walk, a running walk,

wide enough for only one man to travel on; three swings of differing height and capacity; a vaulting bar, iron quoits, and a game that we called "loggerheads," which consisted in pitching a club—very much like an Indian club—at a stake. This apparatus was in charge of a society which was kept up by volunteer subscriptions.

The use of this was allowed only out of study hours—eight to nine in the morning, twelve to two at noon, and five to six at night, and after supper till eight o'clock, and woe to the man who was seen there at any other hour, day or night. There was also a rude hut called a bath-house, where we could draw water from the well and put it in a tank over our heads, and get a cold shower-bath.

Perhaps half of the students as they felt disposed made use of these appurtenances in the warm and pleasant weather.

This was about the status of physical education here till President Stearns's day, beginning say 1855 or 6. At this time everything centered in high scholarship and attaining high rank, and students put all their time and energies into book cramming and watching for exhibition and commencement appointments. As a result many of the so-called best men in college failed in health and were obliged to leave college, and two brilliant fellows died, one on Commencement Day, apparently from over study.

This was a starter, with Dr. Stearns, for a Department of Physical Education and Hygiene; and with a committee consisting of Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Nathan Allen, and Dr. Ebeneeser Alden, the movement got under way and into the old Gym. Dr. Hooker, of New Haven, was appointed the first professor. . . . I went ahead with much of what he had planned, and we made quite a show in gymnastic and military drill. And I added all anthropometric measurements, and more minute care and direction for the individual health of the students, and the study of the biggest, smallest, strongest, and weakest man was entered into eagerly, and has kept up until now. . . . Much of my work has been of the scientific style and not the stuff to make a magazine article of.

In a report to the trustees, after twenty years' experience in the department, Dr. Hitchcock wrote:

> One of the first duties I felt called upon to perform after your appointment to this professorship was to prepare blanks for several anthropometric observations of the students of college. This I did partly to enable the students to learn by yearly comparison of themselves how they were getting on as regards the physical man. The ulterior object, however, was to help ascertain what are the data or constants of the typical man, and especially the college man. I have conceived no theory on the subject, and have instituted but very few generalizations; but my desire has been to compile carefully and put on record as many of these observations as possible for comparison and verification of statistical work in this same direction by many other persons in America and Europe.
>
> . . . .
>
> In the fall of 1861 I took measurement of all the college students in seven particulars, and have faithfully made these examinations of almost every sound man since connected with the College up to the present date. The measurements are made of the Freshmen soon after entering, and are repeated upon them near the end of each year of the course. Thus every man who goes through college has been observed five times.

The anthropometric tables, of which this was the beginning, have been elaborated and faithfully kept up by the department for nearly half a century, entailing the tabulation of millions of figures, with results of great value to the individual student and to science in general. Again in the same report he says:

> There are a few members of your Board who may remember some performances preliminary to the establishment of this branch of the College curriculum about twenty-one years ago, when in Village Church, upon an elevated platform, before a large and interested audience, Dr. Winship exhibited himself as able to lift with his hands and shoulders immense weights. The hardware stores in town were levied upon to loan their casks of nails and spikes, the old iron of the College cellar was brought out, and all to enable Dr. Winship to show how much he could lift. And these feats, remarkable as they surely were, were then considered as indications of health, and held up to the students as the means for the true hygiene of college life. Soon the Gymnasium was equipped with apparatus, not the lightest of which were one-hundred-pound dumb-bells, and apparatus by which a young man could be induced to try and lift a ton; and the dumb-bells for class exercises weighed ten pounds each. But at this time it was the prediction of Dr. Dio Lewis that we soon should adopt the lighter dumb-bells for exercise and discard the immense in muscular effort, which has proved true, for now we use bells that weigh two pounds to the pair, and the original lifting-machines are in the pile of scrap-iron.
>
> The idea of physical culture has too often been that great muscular development is the only essential element in it, and the fact is indeed true that the really well man is muscularly strong. And for valetudinarians, for those who are able to give very much of their time, means, and thought for their own health, who can give a large share of their energy and thought to self-culture and preservation, without doubt the muscular system is the principal one to be attended to. But the problem to be solved by us has been what arrangement of required muscular exer-

> cise and recreation combined is the best for our students as a whole. In what way can we best help them to keep body and mind working harmoniously and effectually together? How shall the man physically be made efficient so that the intellectual, moral, and spiritual may at the same time secure its full development?
>
> In order that our students be in the best condition for work it seems demanded that the muscles be not trained to their highest powers. For the most healthful and intellectual men are not those who have the most muscular power. They are often well-developed men, it is true, and of excellent physical inheritance, but they are not *muscle* men.
>
> Physical culture as expressed to Amherst College students by the experience of the past twenty years means something besides, something in addition to, muscular exercise. It includes cleanliness of skin, attention to stomach and bowels, relaxation from daily mental work, freedom from certain kinds of petty discipline, but with so much requirement and restraint as will give coherence, respect, and stability to the methods of maintaining health and the men employing them.

In the above is embodied one of the first important truths discovered in Dr. Hitchcock's laboratory—old Barrett Gym.

In a publication of the Massachusetts State Board of Health in 1879 is this quotation from the Doctor—of surprising interest to his old boys:

> While a necessary uniformity and periodicity are maintained, yet the elasticity of young nature is not so curbed that the student must act with the monotony of a machine, or with the absolute precision of the manual of arms, day by day, week by week, and year by year. For not only is this exercise of value to favor the chemical changes which accompany muscular activity; but it is desired, at the same time, to give the mind and spirits opportunity to escape, for the half-hour, from scientific and literary restraints and occupation, and enjoy the liberty of rational animal life; to allow the animal powers and sensibilities a chance for "full play;" to induce the material and social nature to such use and recreation as shall compensate its repression while engaged in the absorbing occupation of close study; or, in short, to compel the intellectual to rest while the material shall work. Hence a much greater latitude of noise, shouting, and freedom is allowed in connection with the exercises than would be expected by a schoolmaster of gymnastics, or a drill-master; and it is allowed as an important element or safety-valve of the system. Professor W. S. Tyler, in speaking of this matter, says: "If I were asked to specify what I consider to be the most marked characteristic and distinctive excellence of the Amherst gymnastics, I should say that it is the union of recreation and amusement with exercise; of the voluntary and spontaneous with the required and the prescribed; in a word, of play with work."

Can it be that those joyous class-mutinies, when order became riot and the gym floor clanged to hurtling dumb-bells, were but part of old Doc's system, and were entered as evidence in staid official reports? "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" his resonant tones would finally ring out, "haven't ye kicked up your hind legs 'bout long enough?"

There were not lacking immediate results to encourage the department. Says a State report;

> The statistics of this department show some interesting facts in reference to the duration of sickness among the students of the College. Dr. Edward Jarvis says that the average amount of time lost on account of sickness by each laborer in Europe is from 19 to 20 days each year; and in the Massachusetts Board of Health Report for 1872 it is estimated that, for that year, 13 days' labor was lost by sickness for each productive person in the Commonwealth. The returns of Amherst College sick list for term-time give 2.64 days as an annual average of time lost to every student, and of 11.36 days to each sick student, for 17 years. . . . A decrease in the amount of sickness during the course is an important feature in the health of the College. Taking the number on the sick list in the freshman year as 1,000, the number for the sophomore year is represented by 912; for the junior year by 759; and for the senior year by 575.

This is the reverse of what had occurred among students thirty, forty, and fifty years before, according to an authority of that time, and the reverse of what was to be expected. Moreover, the records were soon showing splendid and unexpected results. Of the first five thousand items of measurement taken, 77 per cent. showed a distinct increase during the college course. These items indicated every possible form of bodily development.

The department was no longer an experiment. It was popular with the students, and elicited everywhere favorable comment. At the end of twenty years over fifty large institutions in the country had either adopted some regular system of physical culture or were making preparations to that end. Said President Eliot, of Harvard: "It is to Amherst College that the colleges of the country are indebted for a demonstration of the proper mode of organizing the department of physical culture."

In 1876 the Japanese Government sent to Amherst her Vice-Minister of Education to study and report upon this matter, and the following year the Emperor requested President Seelye to select and send to Japan a man able to introduce the system to the Government schools; in prompt response Dr. George A. Leland, "class captain" of '74, went over and spent three years at the work, to the great satisfaction of the Japanese.

But Dr. Leland could not carry abroad, nor could institutions at home imitate, "Old Doc's" lectures to freshmen on hygiene. You will have noticed provision for such a course in the outline of the department prepared by the trustees in 1860. From that day to this they have not failed. The same shrewd knowledge of student nature that led the Doctor to encourage an apparent unlicense in the gymnasium gave to these homely, intimate talks a humorous freedom that insured a full roll of attendance. But under the coating of the pill was something that made for moral and physical health—facts for college men; yet in how many colleges even to-day does the curriculum provide for such general instruction?

Such has been the life-work of Dr. Edward Hitchcock. The sphere has been so limited in one aspect, and the results are now so much a part of accepted fact, that one might almost question his right to a place among *creative* Americans. But discovery breeds discovery. The study of the various problems having to do with physical education goes forward from a hundred centers that first drew inspiration from the old Barrett Gymnasium. More is yet to come out of Amherst. Compulsory gymnasium work no longer solves the problems of the current day and generation. Democracy of sport is the next achievement sought, as opposed to the super-training of nine or eleven men, and the enforced grand-stand idleness and homage of several hundred fellow-students. Whatever be your attitude toward college athletics, it is worth following to a conclusion, this line of thought that is engaging the attention of the Amherst College government to-day. Thousands of dollars are raised annually by the students in our colleges of their own effort, all working together, and the greater part of it is spent to provide high-priced professional training for a very few, and, what is more, for a selected few who are probably the least in need of physical development. If such skilled training is a good and desirable thing, should not every student have a right to a share in it—or, more, should he not be directed to partake of its benefits? To-day at Amherst in the fall and spring the new gymnasium never resounds to hurtling clubs and dumb-bells, but instead hundreds of young men are undergoing an enforced daily period of actual athletic training, each man according to his capacity, on Pratt Athletic Field. What this may lead to belongs to some future account of the work of Dr. Paul Phillips, Dr. Hitchcock's young associate; yet it will not be another story, for "Old Doc" is still at the helm, and his spirit of enthusiasm and scientific investigation is being passed down like the mantle of Elijah. The inspiration, not the bondage, of tradition carries the work quietly forward.

"I wish you could see us between the hours of three and six P.M.," writes "Old Doc," in a letter that seems to carry with it the peculiar emphatic earnestness of his tones; and he adds, "We are getting great comfort, joy, and good out of the swimming pool and squash court which Messrs. Pratt and Schiff have given us."

It has been a hard task for one of "Old Doc's" boys to write with restraint and deliberation of the Doctor's contribution to the world of scientific knowledge. Inquiry shows that he has been honored on every side by his fellow-investigators; that the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education, of which he was a founder, has lately dined in his honor, and passed glowing resolutions; that he is grouped with Sargent, of Harvard, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Angelo Mosso, of Italy, and Professor Schmidt, of Germany, in the honor-list of that society; that the list of his writings comprises eight pages of titles; and that degrees and trusteeships have attached to his name. He has more than earned all of these honors.

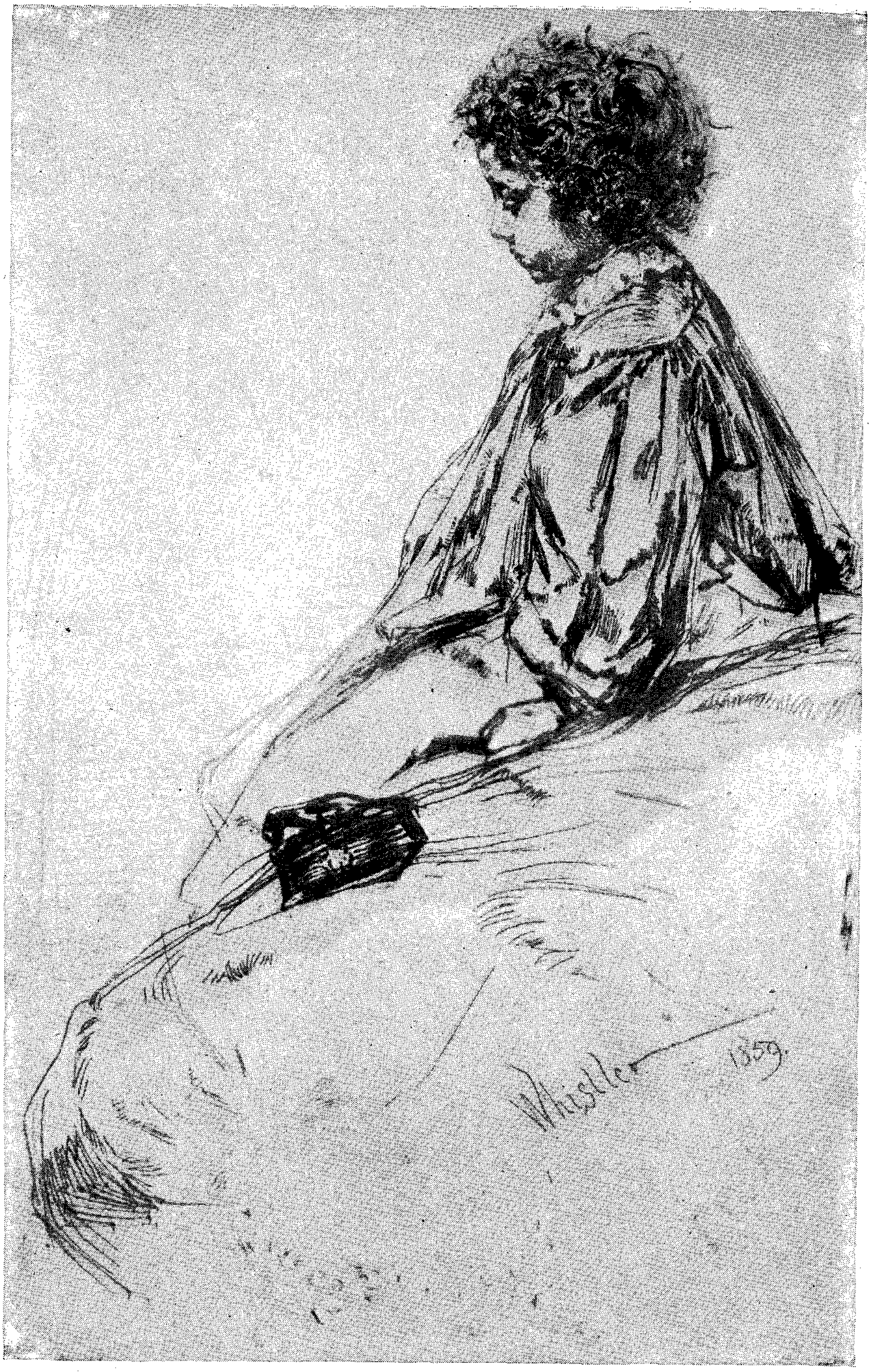
But to us who know him the mention of "Old Doc" calls to mind none of these things. We see a wiry, brisk old man, with snow-white hair and beard, who gives us a firm, welcoming hand-clasp and a glance from keen, kindly eyes. Perhaps we last saw him tramping up and down the side-lines at some intercollegiate game, greeting and being greeted. Or, better still, he sat in his office at Commencement time where a stream of graduates came to seek him; you heard them, man after man, ahead of you—"Guess you don't remember me, Old Doc; I'm Jones, of 'sixty-blank; got a boy in college now." "He's a good boy, Jones, a good boy. Better deportment than his father had, but I'm glad to see ye!" An incisive voice for a man whose eightieth birthday occurs next month, a firm mental grasp of affairs for a teacher who has faced forty-nine successive classes. Jones of 'sixty-blank went back to his home in the West well satisfied, though he bore but that one memory of Commencement time.

Of what importance to-day are the contributions to science compared to the mere inspiration of the old man's presence there on College Hill? Such an article as this is for you who have not known him; but to you who have, one can easily imagine the message he would send, and hear the very tones of his voice: "I love every one of ye—let me hear how you're getting along!"

THE YEAR'S CHILD

BY MARY BALDWIN

Spring wandered lightly through a city street
Where many crowded and impatient feet
Jostled and drifted, pressing ever on;
Until a presence, vague as coming dawn
Or some forgotten, half-hid melody
That shyly lurks beyond the conscious ken,
Spread newness o'er the frayed-out souls of men,
Trailed from afar a sense of unsung song,
And lured to life old faded hopes that long
Had lain inert. Ah, but it seemed to me
A little child, in passing, plucked my sleeve,
Slipped trusting hand in mine, nor asked my leave
To cling with arms that knew their right to cling,—
The sweet, unanswerable right of Spring.



BIBI LALOUETTE

"He was the son of Lalouette, who kept a pension near the Rue Dauphine, at which Whistler, Legros, Fantin, and others used to take their meals in those early days."—Whistler's Etchings, by Frederick Wedmore

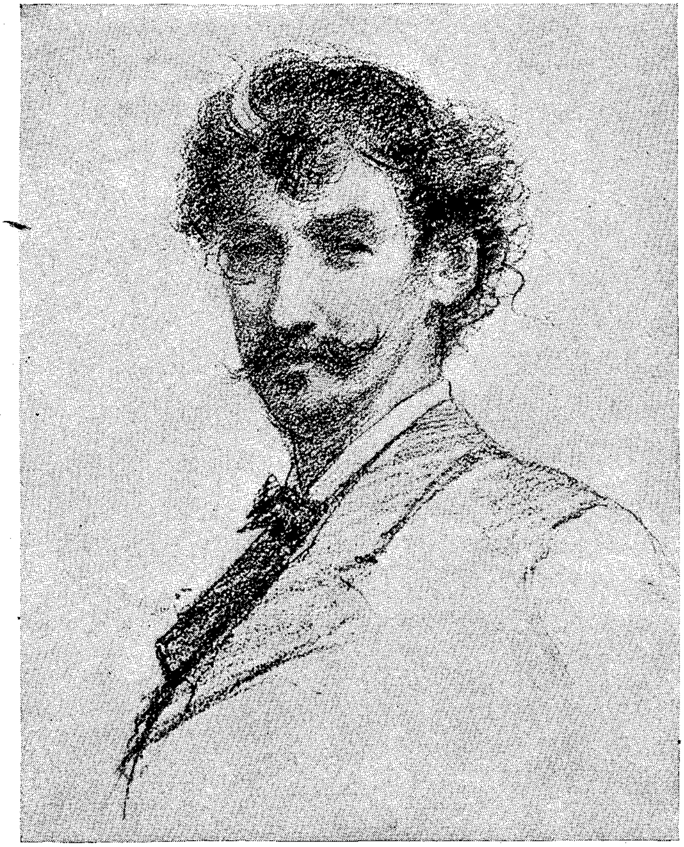
WHISTLER AS AN ETCHER

BY FREDERICK KEPPEL

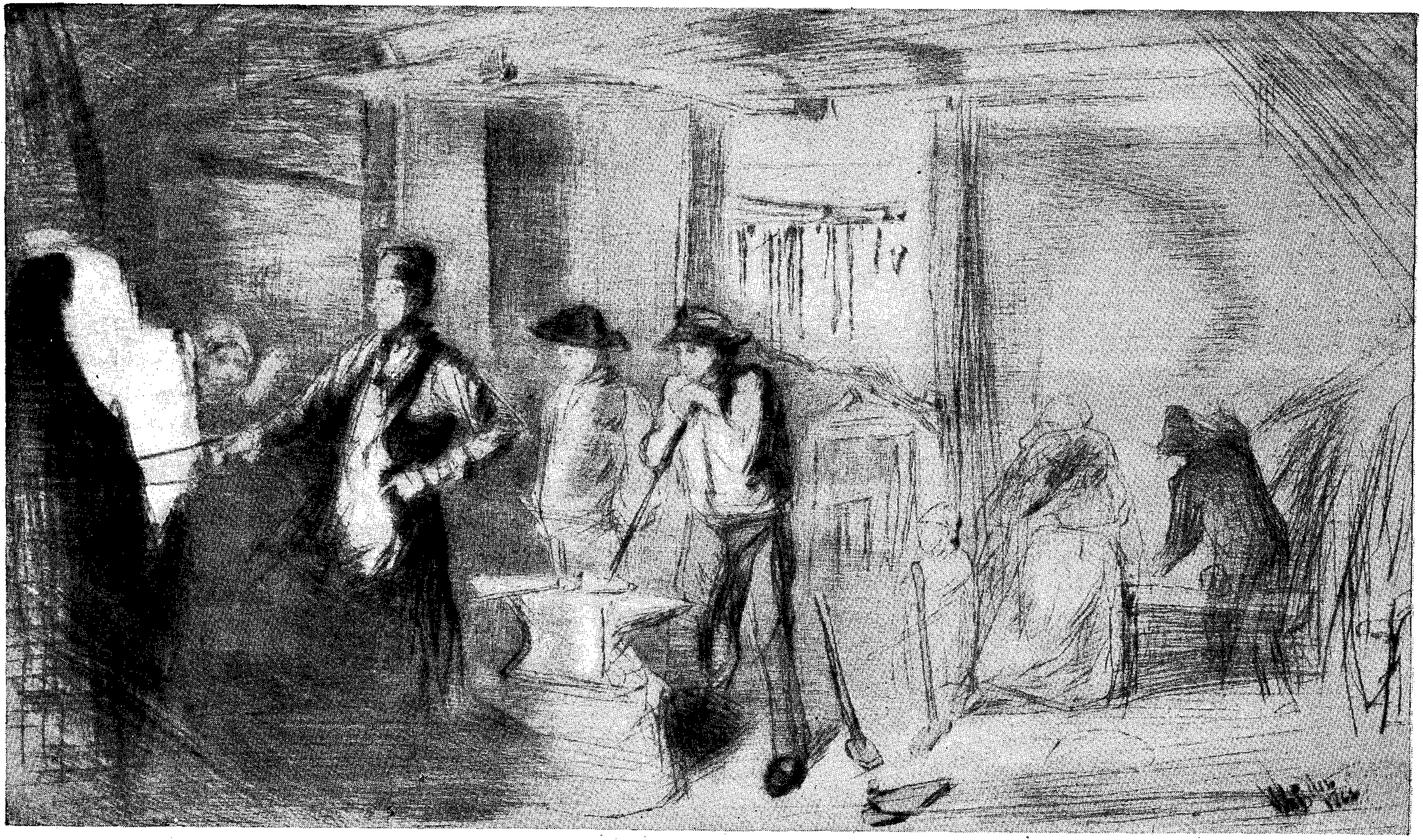
ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF
ETCHINGS AND DRY-POINTS BY WHISTLER

IN introducing the subject of Whistler as an etcher I cannot do so better than by citing the opinion of the man whom I believe to be the best living authority on the subject. I mean Joseph Pennell, the American artist and critic, who was the stanch friend of Whistler to the end, and who, in collaboration with his distinguished wife, is now writing a biography of the master which must prove to be the standard for all time to come, although other biographies are also in preparation. "There is no man so fit for the sea as a sailor," and there is no man so competent to write on the etchings of Whistler as is a brother etcher, who not only knows a fine etching when he sees it, but goes beyond the intelligent outsider by also knowing just why, from a technical and constructive point of view, the etching is so signally good. Mr. Pennell's superlatives in writing of Whistler's etchings are not the words of some irresponsible enthusiast, but the words of a recognized critical authority.

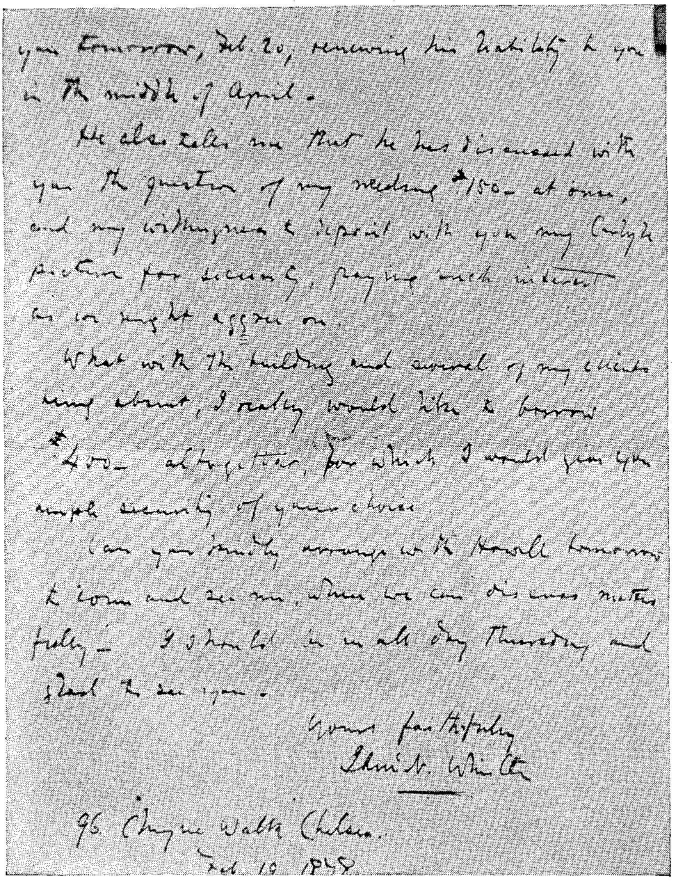
Here, then, is a condensed extract of what Mr. Pennell has written in a London magazine on the subject of Whis-



PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER BY PAUL RAJON



THE FORGE. DRY-POINT DONE IN FRANCE, 1861 tler's etchings: "Whistler was the greatest etcher and the most accomplished lithographer who ever lived. All his work is alike perfect. It has only been produced under different circumstances, and is an attempt to render different effects or situations. Therefore the methods vary, but the results are always the same—great. The greatest, the most perfect, as a whole, that any etcher has ever accomplished." After the death of Whistler in 1903 Mr. Pennell also wrote of him, in the North American Review: "The greatest artist of modern times is dead. These are strong words, and I mean them to be. No one since Velasquez and Rembrandt has had such an effect on the art of the world. He knew he was making great art. He was so sure of it that, even during his lifetime, he compelled an unwilling public to admit it. But for those of us of the younger generation it is impossible to understand the compulsion. Because he was so serious, because he was so honest and strong, they (the critics) think he must have been a fraud. He was the most intensely American of Americans. But though Whistler passed almost all his life in England and but a few years in France, he followed American affairs with the feelings and the emotions of a patriot. No tribute that can be bestowed upon him by the United States will be too great for his glory."



you tomorrow, Feb. 20, renewing his liability to you in the middle of April.

He also tells me that he has discussed with you the question of my needing £150- at once, and my willingness to deposit with you my Carlyle picture for security, paying such interest as we might agree on.

What with the building and several of my clients being absent, I really would like to borrow £400- altogether, for which I would give you ample security of your choice.

Can you kindly arrange with Howell tomorrow to come and see me, when we can discuss matters fully — I should be in all day Thursday and glad to see you.

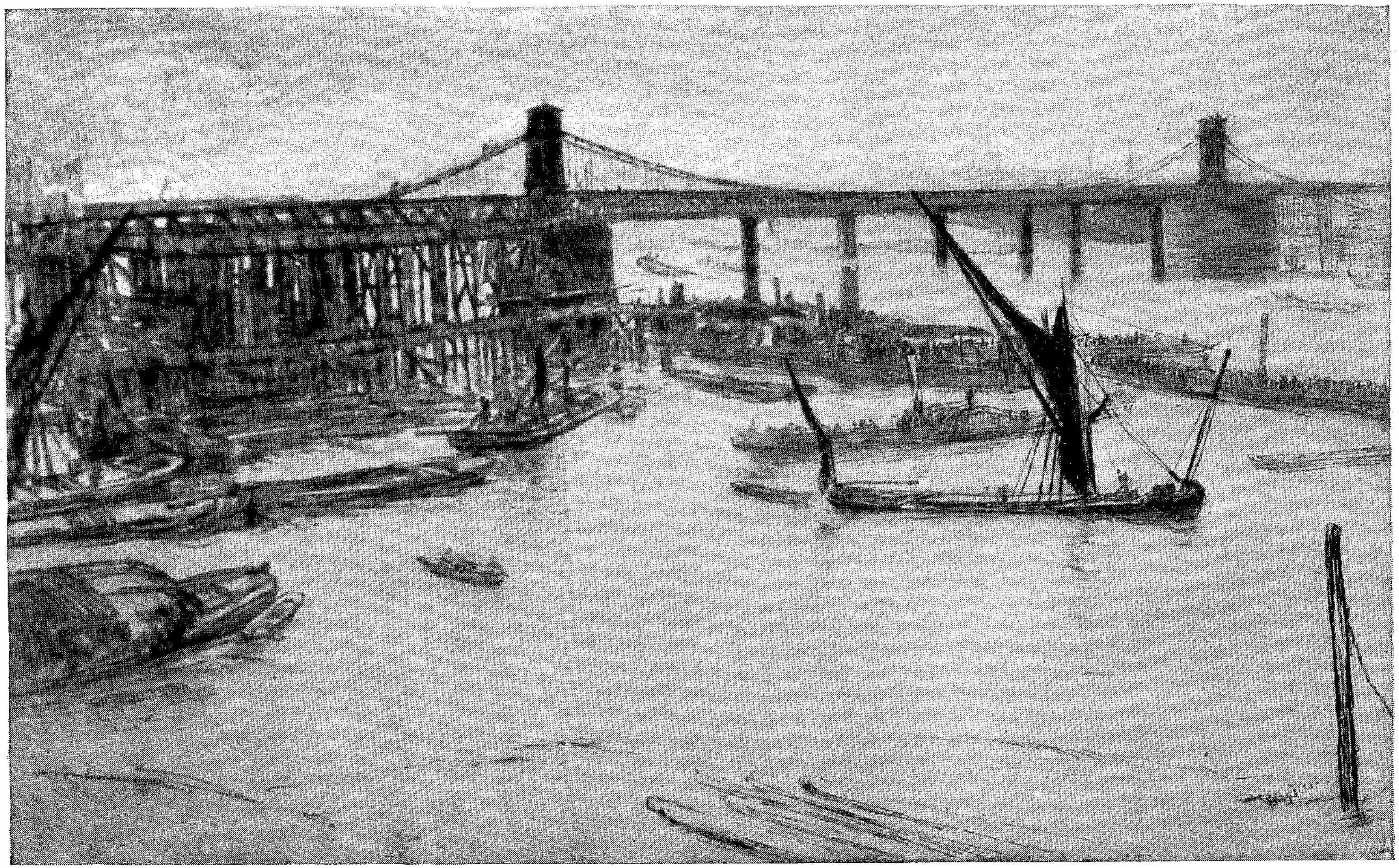
Yours faithfully
J. McN. Whistler

96. Cheyne Walk Chelsea.
Feb. 19. 1878

PART OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY WHISTLER IN 1878

In it he offers his famous Carlyle portrait as security for a loan of one hundred and fifty pounds

I quote liberally from Mr. Pennell because I heartily concur with his opinions on this subject. Artists are supposed to be, in general, jealous of one another; but the intimate intercourse of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell with Whistler shows us a beautiful example of absolute



OLD HUNGERFORD BRIDGE, LONDON. ETCHED ABOUT 1863

"The reflections in the water are exquisite, and in the far distance the buildings down the river are indicated with great subtlety of touch."—The Art of J. McNeill Whistler, by T. R. Way loyalty to a great man, just because they knew so well how great an artist he was; and although very few people could avoid quarreling with him. With the Pennells "the King could do no wrong," and I remember that when Whistler (as was his habit) arrived an hour or so late for dinner at their house in London, not a word of reproach from hostess or host was ever expressed or implied; although we cannot blame the French servant, Augustine, when, on admitting the honored guest upon such an occasion, she would shake her finger at him and say, "*Ah, Monsieur Veestlaire, vous avez gâté mon diner, vous savez!*" A dozen of such dinners might have been spoiled without a word or a look of reproach from one or other of the two accomplished art critics who had invited their hero to dine.

I must relate a quaint incident to illustrate this immense admiration of one artist for the work of another.

Having shaken hands with Mr. Pennell on arriving at his house, I said to him: "You have a hand like Whistler's, very delicate and frail, but your hand is bigger than his because you are a much bigger man." To this Mr. Pennell, willfully misunderstanding me, exclaimed: "A *bigger* man than Whistler—oh, I wish to heaven I were!"

The mere list of books or of detached articles on Whistler is already a long one, and more are forthcoming. Even writers who scorned his work during the years when he was producing it have now rushed in to proclaim that he was a great master. This state of things had already begun before his death, and Whistler, who was always an aggressive and valiant fighter, used to say to critics of this sort: "If you now find my works to be masterpieces, why were not these same things masterpieces long years ago when you neglected them totally or when you ridiculed them?"

The serious student of the best original etchings is often confronted with a dangerous obstacle in the form of the deceiving counterfeits which have been fabricated on the masterworks of the art. Rembrandt's etchings were shamefully and shamelessly copied by dishonest anonymous etchers even during his own lifetime and by later forgers for two centuries, and within the last fifty years some deceiving counterfeits have been made of the etchings of such masters as Méryon, Millet, and Seymour Haden. But no man has ever successfully counterfeited an etching by Whistler—for the good reason that no man could. The master's exquisitely delicate and intensely personal style and touch stand hopelessly above and beyond the reach of the counterfeiter. If such a falsification were attempted, by the etching process, the result would surely remind us of Dickens's description of the wig of Mrs. Sairey Gamp, which was so visibly an imitation of natural human hair "that it could hardly be called false." Yet even with this protection to collectors, based on Whistler's unattainable superiority of style and technique, there is still some danger that passably good imitations of the etchings might be made by some mechanical process founded on photography, although such imitations would be speedily detected by any expert.

James McNeill Whistler was born on the 10th of July, 1834, in Worthen Street, Lowell, Massachusetts, and he died at Chelsea, London, on the 17th of July, 1903. He really was baptized with the name of James Abbot, but he repudiated the latter name and substituted for it the maiden name of his mother. His father, Major George W. Whistler, was an eminent engineer in the United States army, and it was he who was the real designer and constructor of the first Russian railway, which runs from St. Petersburg to Moscow, although (as so often happens) he was by no means the chief beneficiary from his own work. Major Whistler, having lost his first wife—who left him one daughter, now Lady Seymour Haden—married Miss McNeill, a Southern lady, who was the mother of our artist. At the age of ten young Whistler was living in St. Petersburg with his father and mother, and I must quote an extract from his mother's diary of that time, which shows us how true it is that "the child's the father of the man." She writes: "While visiting the Czar's palace we were allowed, as a special favor, to see some pictures of feathered fowl which were made by Peter the Great. I thought they were beautiful—*but our Jimmie had the impudence to laugh at them.*" Poor fellow! he continued to laugh at the productions of other artists all his life long. Later we find Whistler a cadet at West Point. That was about fifty years ago, yet his name is still a potent memory there. His engaging personality and bright wit made him a favorite among his comrades, but he was so refractory and so little amenable to discipline that the authorities had to dismiss him. Long years afterward he gave his own whimsical version of this dismissal: "I would have been a United States officer to-day except for a difference of opinion between the authorities and myself; they maintained that silicon was a mineral, while I insisted that it was a gas."

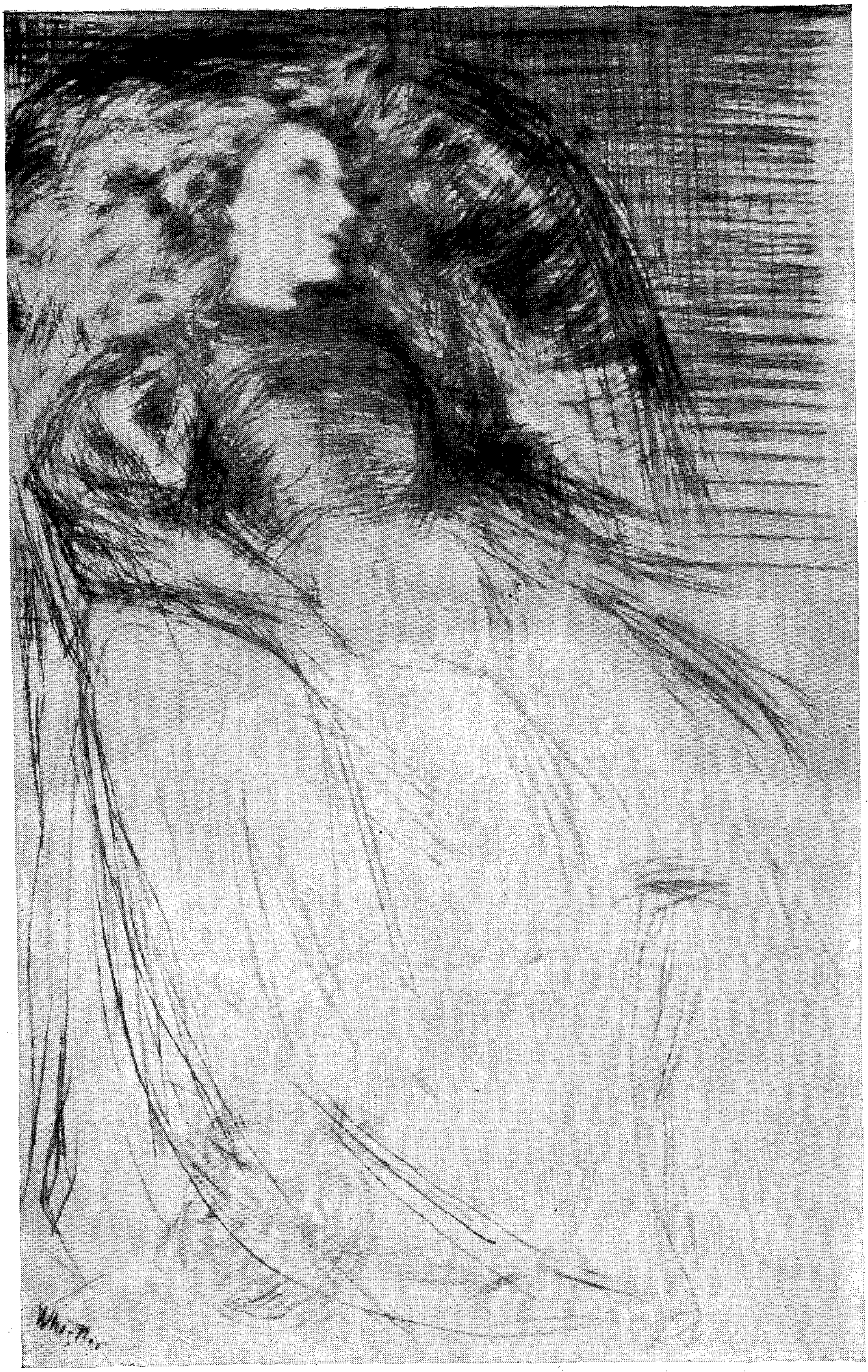
While on the tempting subject of Whistler's witticisms, I must relate one of his latest and least known: During his last visit to Paris he was making a call on a lady of exalted rank, and she said to him, "You are well acquainted with King Edward of England." "Well, no," said Whistler, "not personally." "Why," said the lady, "his Majesty was speaking to me in London recently, and he said he knew you well." "Oh," said Whistler, "that was only his *brag*."

Whistler's very first etching was, characteristically enough, the cause of storms and tempests; and then began his lifelong habit, which recalls to us the prophecy concerning Ishmael of old, "His hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him." After his dismissal from West Point he found employment in the Bureau of Engraving at Washington, where the director instructed him to etch a plate for the United States Coast Survey. He had no chance to make a work of art of this first plate, for it was a slavishly accurate picture of one part of the coast line and was destined for the guidance of mariners. The young Whistler etched this uncongenial subject very accurately, although in a perfunctory and "tight" manner, but he "let himself go" by decorating the sky of Uncle Sam's formal plate with a series of fantastic little heads which were spun from his own imagination. The bureaucratic authorities were shocked, the plate was confiscated, and the too imaginative young etcher was cashiered.

At about the age of twenty Whistler drifted to Paris, and it was there that the budding master first "found himself." Paris, indeed, has for long years been the mother and the nurse of artists. Among the French, art in any form is a very serious matter indeed; while, in comparison, both in England and America art is generally looked on as a trifling, non-essential, outside matter, and one that any educated person may notice or not, as he thinks fit. In this it may be compared to the religion of some of us—a sentimental, idealistic emotion, and one that we may take on if we are in the humor, or lay off if our humor drifts the other way.

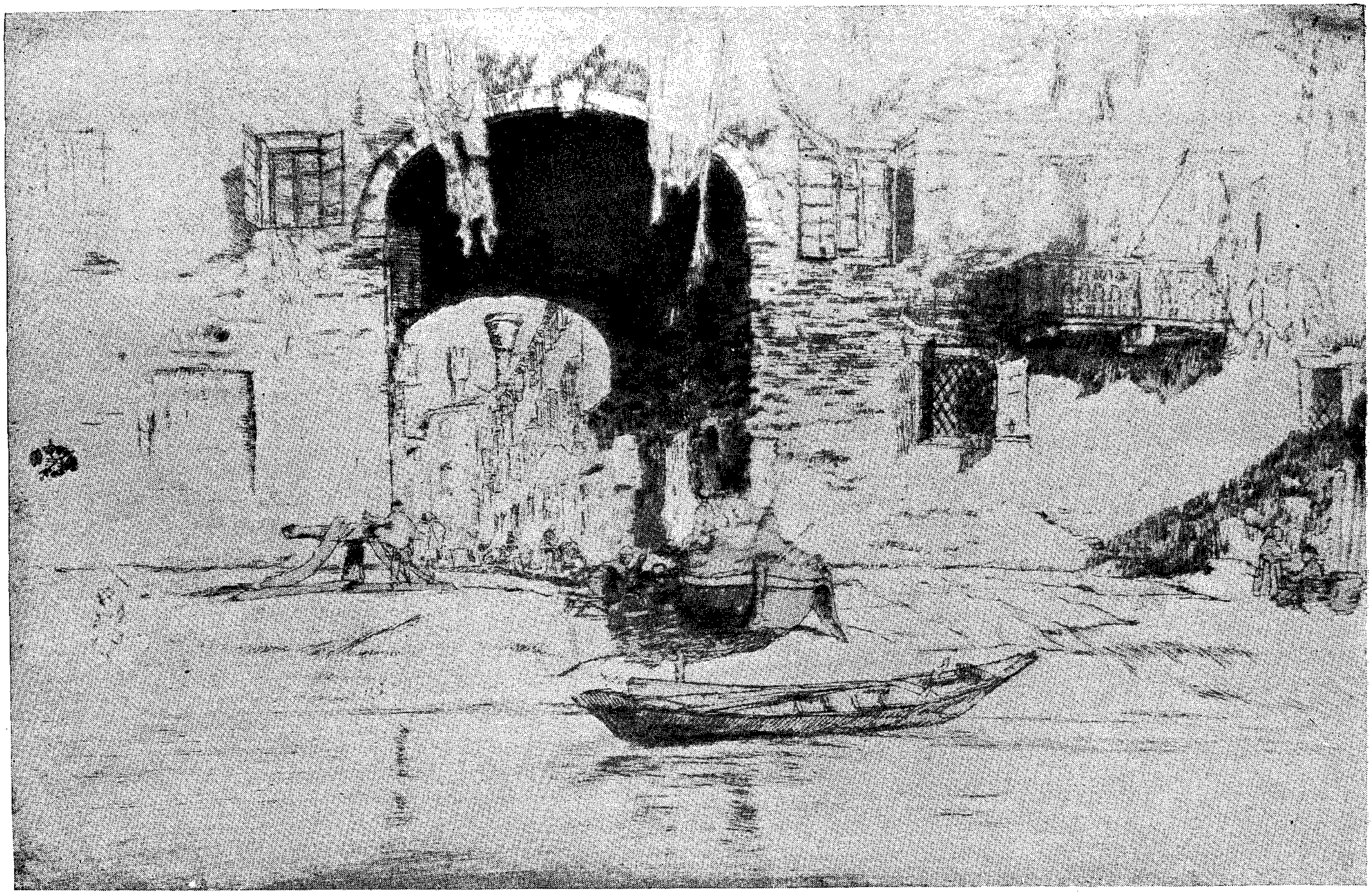
The incurable refractory bent which so often caused trouble to Whistler as a man was altogether favorable to his development as an artist. It was simply impossible for his independent nature to shut his eyes and tamely swallow rules and methods which were not of his own making. It was this *intransigeant* spirit, combined with his own inherent genius, that made him the thoroughly original master that he was. He was a master in a double sense—first, through his great pictures, and, secondly, through the dominating influence which these pictures exercised on so many other artists throughout the civilized world. Many of these men would fiercely deny that they were imitating Whistler; but they *were*, whether they knew it or not. Thus, when a recent exhibition of new etchings was held in London, the Saturday Review, in noticing it, said that these etchings were "mainly penny-Whistlers," and, just because they were more or less gross imitations of the style and method of the master, they were of no more value artistically than a child's penny whistle.

It was in Paris, at the age of twenty-five and in the year 1859, that Whistler published his first series of etchings—the "French Set," as it is now called. There were thirteen in the set, and the price for it was fifty francs—or ten dollars. Happy were the few

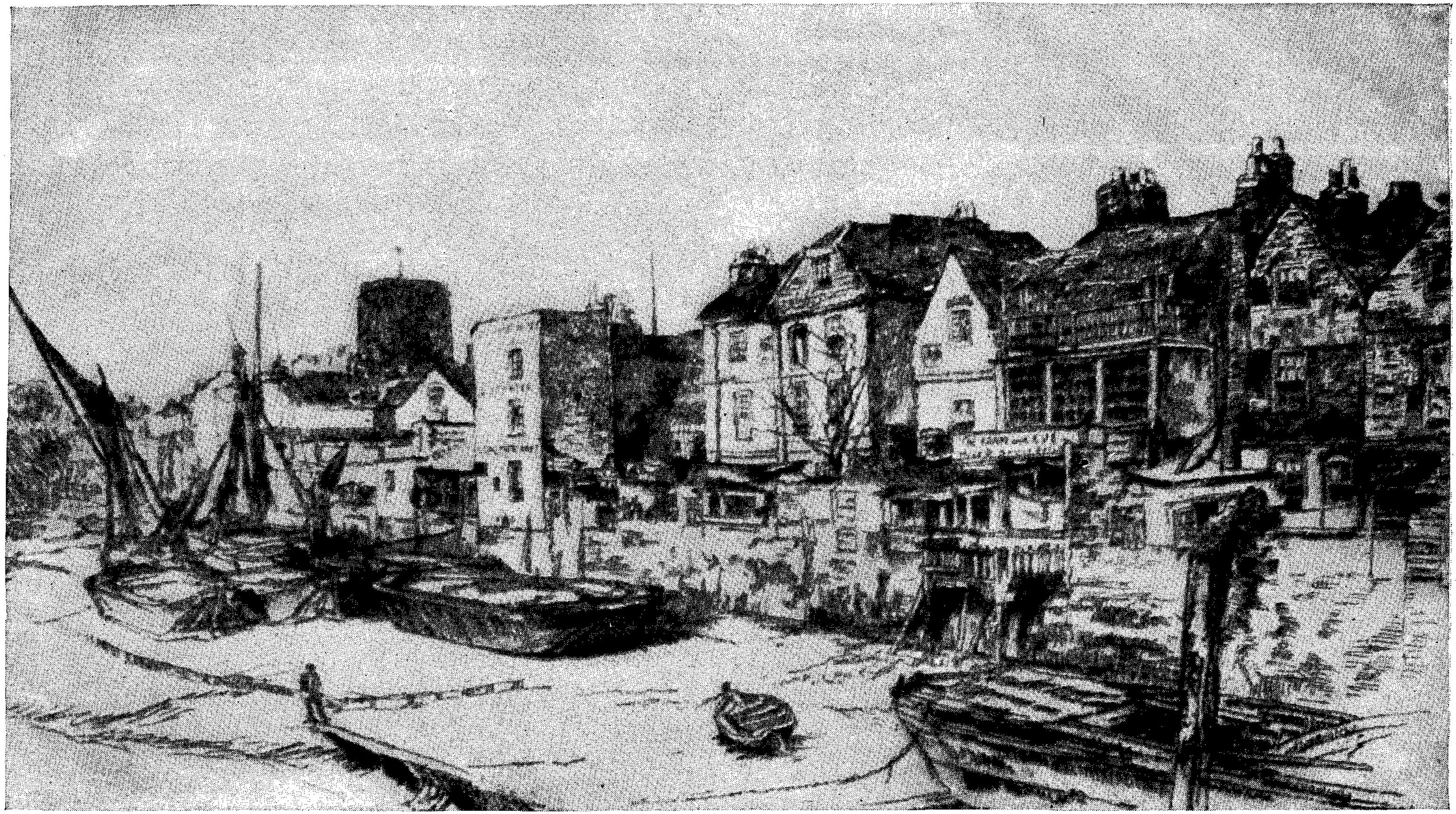


WEARY. A DRY-POINT, DATED 1863

"Of all the portraits, however, that entitled "Weary," a beautiful study of a girl lying back in a chair, every line expressing fatigue, and the portrait of Florence Leyland, with its perfect grace of line and pose, are perhaps the most completely satisfying."—The Art of J. McNeill Whistler, by T. R. Way.



SAN BIAGIO, VENICE



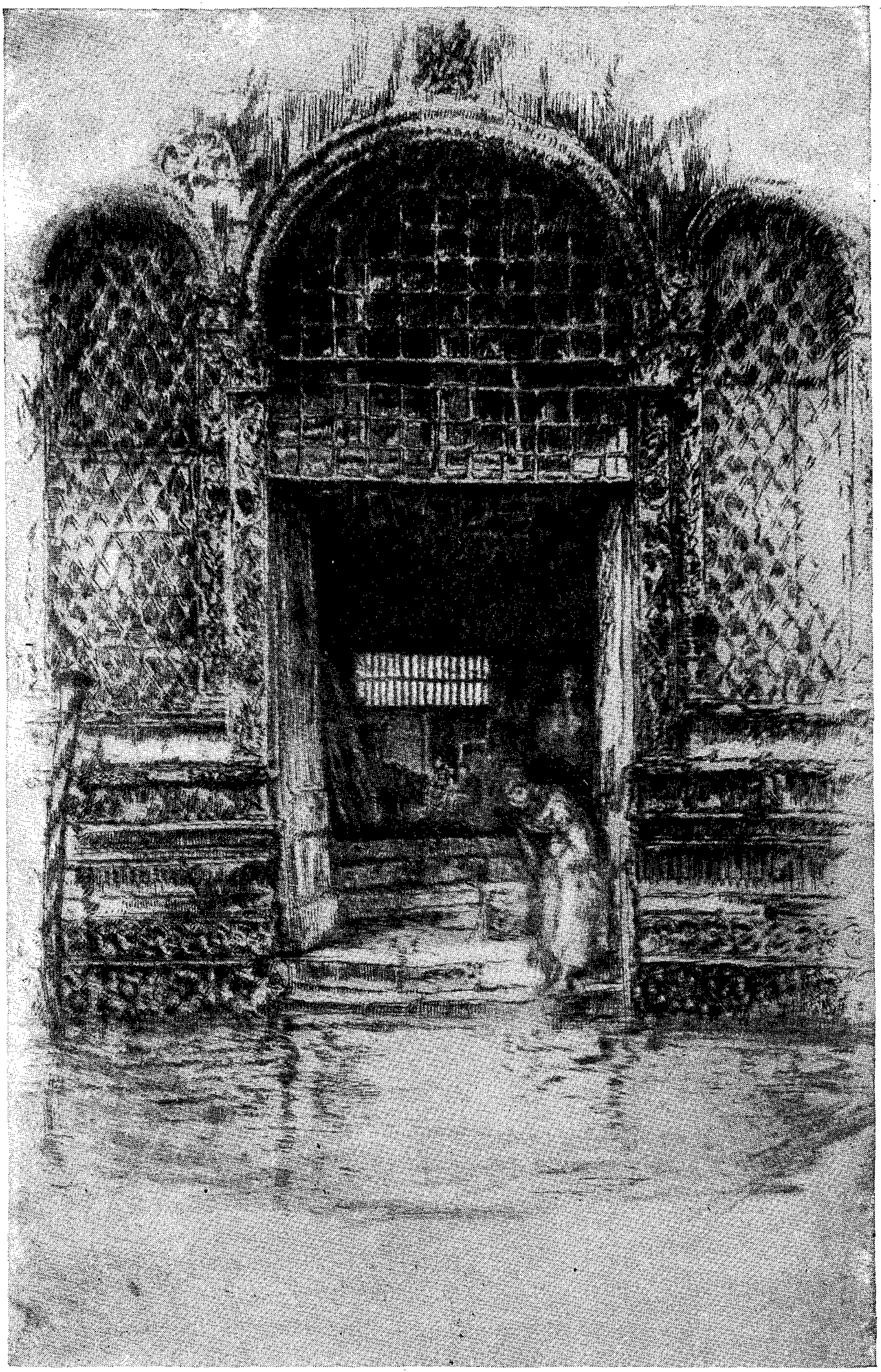
THE ADAM AND EVE TAVERN, OLD CHELSEA. DONE ABOUT 1879

" One of the most interesting, I think, of all his coppers is the Adam and Eve Tavern, in which the earlier manner is being broken away from and his final method is taking its place, both the styles harmonizing perfectly."—Joseph Pennell enlightened Frenchmen who invested fifty francs in the modest little portfolio of the young and unknown etcher. If they or "their heirs, administrators, and assigns" still possess them, they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they could sell them at nearly a hundred times the price which they originally cost. The "French Set" included some veritable masterpieces—such as the "Kitchen," the "Mustard Woman," the "Vieille aux Loques," and the "Street in Saverne," which last-named print must be about the first of Whistler's magnificent series of night scenes, or nocturnes as he called them. At about the same period he produced the "Rag Shop" and the two charming portraits of French children, "Bibi Lalouette" and "Bibi Valentin."

From Paris Whistler went to London and made his home with Sir Seymour Haden, who was then an eminent surgeon, but who afterward attained to much wider fame as an etcher of landscapes. It was while he was living there with his half-sister and—shall we say, his *half*-brother-in-law, that Whistler etched most of the magnificent plates which are known as the "Thames Set." It consisted of sixteen etchings, and although he did very beautiful things in later years, my own conviction is that the Thames Set includes several of his supreme achievements. This opinion is fortified by that of Mr. Pennell. In writing of one of them, the "Black Lion Wharf," he calls it "one of the greatest engraved plates that has been produced in modern times," and he adds, "I would even say that it is the greatest etching of modern times were it not for the fact that it is but one of a set." Mr. Pennell goes on to commend other prints of the series, such as the "Forge" and the "Lime-burner," and he adds, "This series alone is enough to win immortality for any man."

Mere verbal description of a picture cannot be otherwise than unsatisfying, but, fortunately for Americans in general and for New Yorkers in particular, probably the very best collection of Whistler's etchings which exists is on free exhibition to every one in New York. It can be visited at the Lenox Library, where the very competent curator, Mr. Frank Weitenkampf, will show to visitors the magnificent collection which was formed by the late Samuel P. Avery and donated by him to the Public Library. No amount of money could duplicate it to-day; this could be done only in one way, and that is the way by which Napoleon Bonaparte enriched the gallery of the Louvre. He first conquered nearly all of the nations of Europe (England excepted), and he then carried off their finest art treasures to Paris. But this high-handed operation can never be repeated, and Mr. Avery was a man of peace; he made his living by buying and selling paintings, but whenever he bought a picture for himself it was pretty sure to be a simple etching in black and white and not a painting in oil colors. He already knew Whistler when the latter was a merry, harum-scarum young fellow in Paris, who took little care of the masterpieces he was producing. In those early and happy-go-lucky years Whistler would etch some great plate, and, not having the money to pay for the printing of a sufficient edition of proofs from it, he would pay for perhaps half a dozen. Then the etched copper would drift into the mysterious limbo whither all lost things disappear and whence they never return, or else—as plates of copper cost money—Whistler would have the surface of the plate planed off and use the old copper for a new etching. It was in these early years that Mr. Avery got possession of such rarities as the dry-point portraits of Riault the wood-engraver, and of "Joe," the latter a beautiful portrait of a young girl. These two prints are now absolutely unprocurable, as is many another of which the noble-hearted Samuel P. Avery has made a free gift for the use of his fellow-citizens in New York and for the whole Nation.

When, in 1886, the distinguished London art critic and enthusiastic collector, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, undertook the making of a descriptive catalogue of Whistler's etchings, his first move was to call on the master himself. Whistler approved of the project, but said, in effect: "I can show you very little, but if you really wish to make



THE DOORWAY, VENICE

"Much richer in effect and with more elaboration of detail than is usual in this series is 'The Doorway.' A beautiful view of what has once been a palace. . . . The fine architecture of the exterior, with the rich drapery of the windows, is very beautifully indicated, and the water in the foreground is wonderfully transparent."—The Art of J. McNeill Whistler, by T. R. Way such a book you must first of all cross the Atlantic Ocean, go to New York, seek out Mr. Avery, and he can let you examine the material for your catalogue." All of this was done, and in the introduction to his book Mr. Wedmore (who was working in London and writing for Englishmen) quaintly writes—without mentioning America or New York at all—"Mr. Avery, when Mr. Keppel took me to see him in East Thirty-eighth Street, put at my disposal everything he knew."

After twenty years of useful service Mr. Wedmore's book is likely to be partly superseded by the exhaustive catalogue which is now in preparation by some enthusiastic gentlemen of New York. They are leaving no stone unturned in the course of their researches, and the result must be a book of great value.

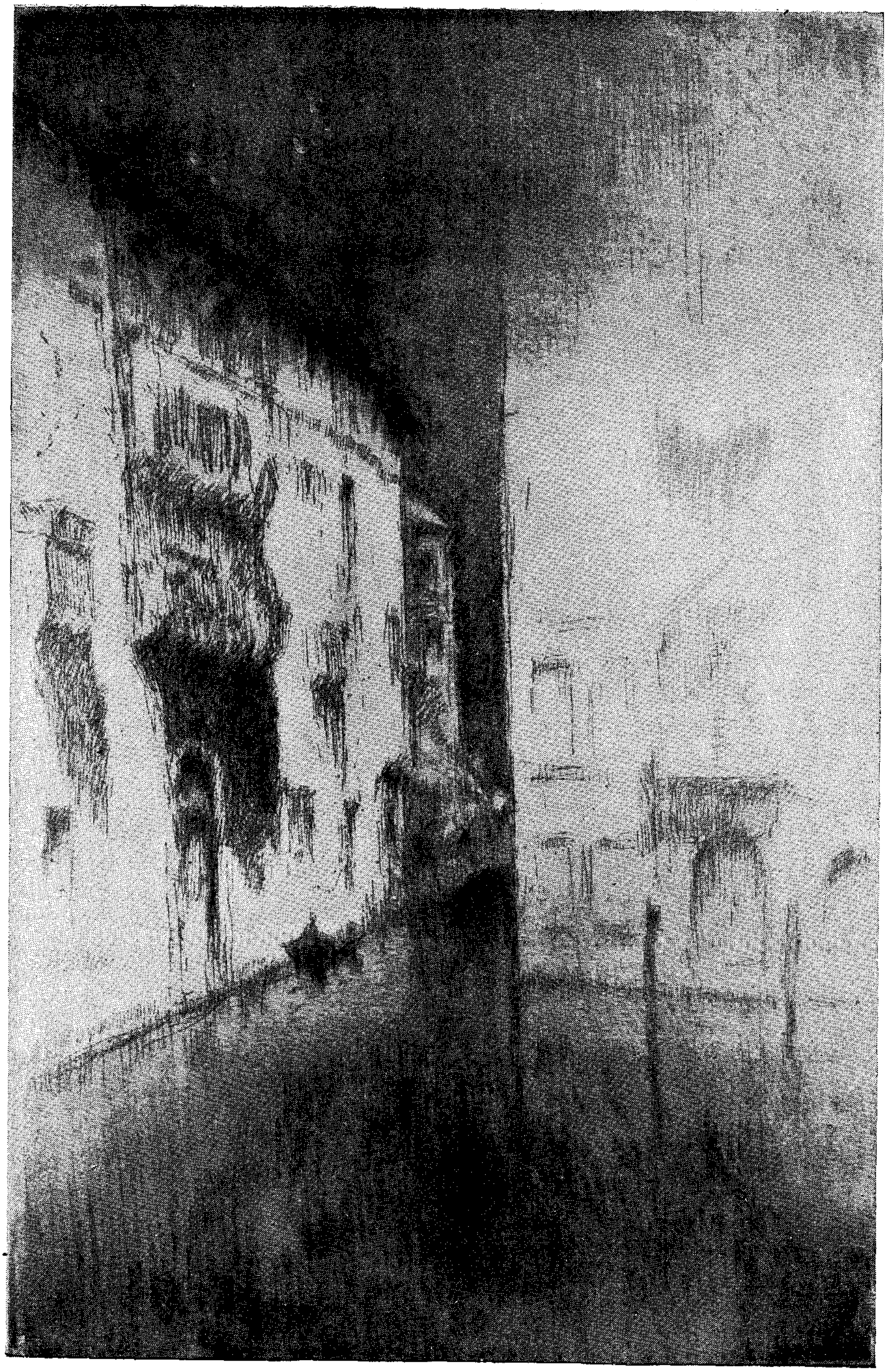
Most of the plates of the Thames Set were etched in the year 1859, but—"O fools and blind!"—no publisher would touch them until twelve years later, in the year 1871. All this is only a modern repetition of the action of the ancient people, who first persecuted and stoned their prophets and afterwards built sepulchers in their honor.

The copper plates of the sixteen Thames etchings were destroyed years ago, so that no more proofs from them can ever be printed; but how these beautiful things could have remained neglected for twelve years is still an unaccountable thing.

Besides the two sets of etchings already mentioned other sets were to follow, but in addition to these Whistler continued to produce detached etchings of high artistic value. About the year 1870 his method underwent a radical change. He temporarily discarded etching proper—where the lines of the plate are corroded or "bitten" with an acid—and took up dry-point, a process in which the copper plate is worked upon direct and without any "biting." Whistler's dry-points are characterized by extreme delicacy and refinement. Of necessity they are very rare, because a plate thus prepared wears out very quickly in the printing. In the case of some very delicately cut dry-points not more than half a dozen fine proofs can be obtained. Whistler was equally master of the dry-point method whether he was making portraits such as those of the Leyland family or depicting some fascinating and elusive view of the Thames at London, the river that he loved so faithfully.

One of his Thames views deserves special mention because it was, in style, the precursor of the two magnificent "Venice Sets" which were to follow. I mean the "Adam and Eve Tavern, Old Chelsea." It was etched, not dry-pointed, and was wrought in a manner then new to him, but which he afterward continued to practice to the end of his life. In the "Adam and Eve" the innovation is the short and broken character of the lines. In it, as well as in the succeeding Venice etchings, the result is an effect of the most charming vivacity and freshness. Whistler hated dullness in every form. The man, the artist, the writer, was never dull. Whistler *couldn't* be! After the Venice etchings came views in Holland and in France, as well as a series of little plates depicting war-ships on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee. These latest plates of his are still almost unknown to the public. For many years before his death he printed his own proofs because no outside printer could satisfy him, and after he died his heiress and her advisers decided that never again should a proof from any plate of his be printed by another hand. I think that this was a most pious and wise decision, made to do honor to the memory of the fastidious and exquisite artist.

It is a comfort to know that the greater part of Whistler's works are owned in America, and in America we have the most serious and most accomplished students of the master. I must here relate an extraordinary illustration of this: Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, whose precious collection of Whistler's works will be given to the Nation, was examining, at his home, some unfinished trial proofs of Whistler's lithographs. In Mr. Freer's company was an accomplished professional artist. Mr. Freer pointed out to him what he thought to be a slightly false line in one of the prints. "Pooh!" said the artist, "Whistler will never trouble himself to correct a trifle like that." "But I am *sure*,"



NOCTURNE PALACES, VENICE

said Mr. Freer, "that Whistler will never allow that line to remain as it now is." When the lithograph was definitely published, the defective line had been corrected by the master, although he had heard not a word about the matter.

It may be an audacious thing for me to venture to say, but I think Whistler made a mistake when, late in life, he adopted the system of cutting off every shred of margin from his proofs—except a little tab which he left in one spot below and which bore his mystical signature in the form of a sort of butterfly. This leaves the composition itself unprotected from any little accidental abrasion of the edges, and the sight of the etching when the margins are all cut away has the same unpleasant effect on me as has the sight of the finger-tips of a person who has the little vice of biting his nails. However, Whistler's taste was very apt to be most refined and correct. His "Propositions," on the small dimensions to which an etching should be limited, are here reprinted from his famous book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies;" and I agree with it all except his pronouncement that the four blank margins of the print should be mercilessly cut away.

PROPOSITIONS BY MR. WHISTLER

I. That in Art it is criminal to go beyond the means used in its exercise.

II. That the space to be covered should always be in proper relation to the means used for covering it.

III. That in etching, the means used, or the instrument employed, being the finest possible point, the space to be covered should be small in proportion.

IV. That all attempts to overstep the limits insisted upon by such proportions are inartistic thoroughly, and tend to reveal the paucity of the means used, instead of concealing the same, as required by Art in its refinement.

V. That the huge plate, therefore, is an offense—its undertaking an unbecoming display of determination and ignorance—its accomplishment a triumph of unthinking earnestness and uncontrollable energy—endowments of the "duffer."

VI. That the custom of "Remarque" emanates from the amateur, and reflects his foolish facility beyond the border of his picture, thus testifying to his unscientific sense of its dignity.

VII. That it is odious.

VIII. That, indeed, there should be no margin on the proof to receive such "Remarque."

IX. That the habit of margin, again, dates from the outsider, and continues with the collector in his unreasoning connoisseurship—taking curious pleasure in the quantity of paper.

X. That, the picture ending where the frame begins, and in the case of etching the white mount being inevitably, because of its color, the frame, the picture thus extends itself irrelevantly through the margin to the mount.

XI. That wit of this kind would leave six inches of raw canvas between the painting and its gold frame, to delight the purchaser with the quality of the cloth.

Of the illustrations which accompany this article the earliest in order of chronology is "The Forge," a plate done in France in the year 1861, although it was included in the Thames Set. Mr. Wedmore calls the Forge "an audacious dry-point," and Mr. Pennell calls it "a dry-point, excessively rare." The "Old Hungerford Bridge," though not dated, was done about the year 1862. It looks like a very simple little picture, but no man save Whistler could have depicted the scene so truly. The "Weary" is dated 1863. For extreme delicacy Whistler himself never surpassed it. This dry-point is now very scarce. The three Venetian illustrations, "The Doorway," "San Biagio," and the "Nocturne Palaces," date from about the year 1880. Rajon's excellent portrait of Whistler represents him at about the age of fifty. Finally, the letter written by Whistler shows us that even a man of genius may be (the slang phrase is the most expressive) *hard up*. On that occasion the artist sought to obtain the loan of a trifling sum of money, and offered as security his great painted portrait of Thomas Carlyle, the picture which is now the pride of the city of Glasgow.

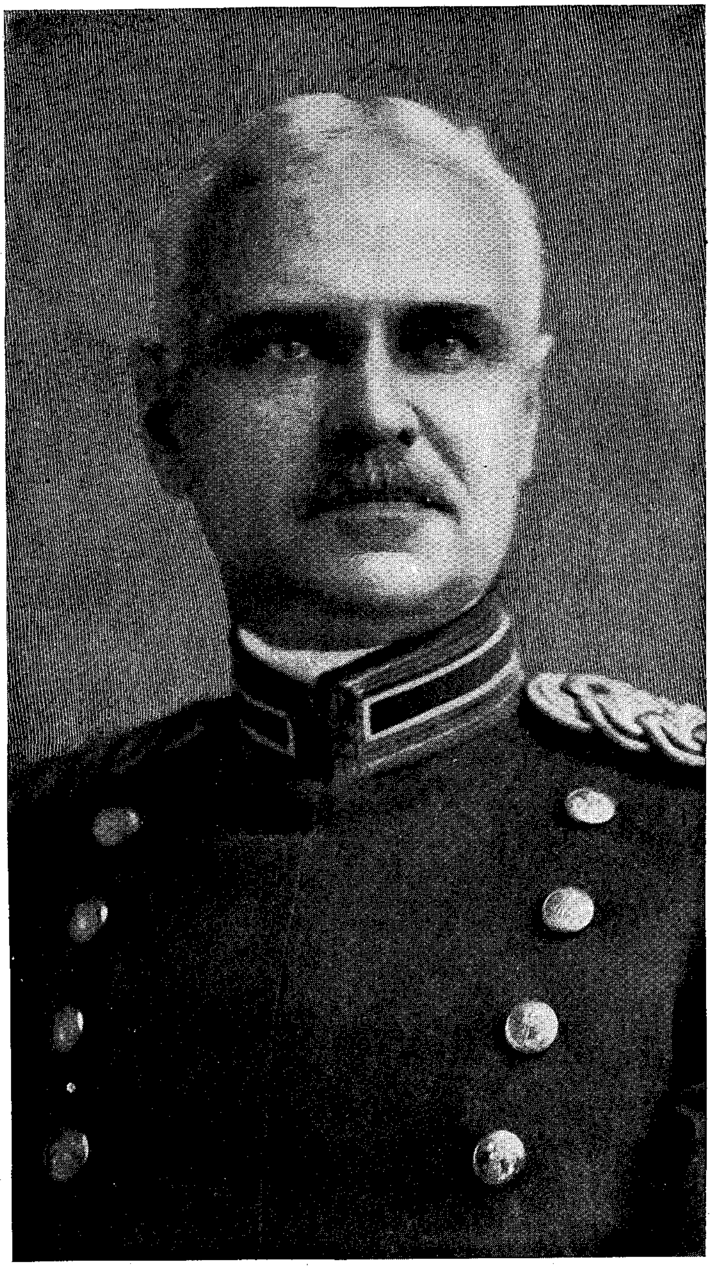
Knowing, as I do, that The Outlook is widely read by "all sorts and conditions of men" (except the bad ones!), the present article will be read by many people who have not yet acquainted themselves with the technical methods of the etcher—what to expect from the process and what not to expect. To all such readers I would say that they can find a detailed description of the etching process, and of the other processes used by engravers, in The Outlook for November 24, 1906, where, in an article on Sir Seymour Haden (pages 762–763) I have endeavored to explain these technicalities.

It was greatly his own fault that for long years Whistler did not win the recognition which was his due. He loved to paint, he loved to etch, he loved to joke, and sometimes to joke very wickedly, but, above all, he loved to quarrel. This very costly pastime of his wrought its inevitable consequences; many well-meaning and influential people who would gladly have been his friends were driven into the ranks of his enemies, and even so peaceable a person as the present writer has been forced into more than one battle royal with him. But now that he has gone to the Silent Land—whither we must all follow him—these frailties of his are already fading from our memories, while " the immortal part of him " grows greater and brighter; and it will continue so to grow unless some still greater artist shall arise to push him from his pedestal. And even if such an unlikely thing should ever happen, still there never can be another Whistler.

AT TWILIGHT—MY SON AND I

BY KARL JUNKER

The autumn twilight wraps us round,
And shadows stretch across the room;
Old heart and youthful life are bound
Together in the silent gloom.
Your parted lips I cannot see,
But on my hand your kisses fall
Like soft white flowers of Tuscany
Dropped on some hoary Roman wall.
We speak of deep and peaceful things;
With earth-wide sweep, our thought explores
The deeds of old forgotten kings,
The world of men, its creeds and laws.
Whenever in the passing day
My spirit's powers have highly dreamed,
Each evening at your feet I lay
Such blossoms as my thought has gleaned.
You listen, and I scarcely care
Whether you grasp the whole of it;
The touch of lips and wavy hair
Pleases me more than scholar's wit.
You give me love; I teach you lore;
To each a gift, for each a joy;
And stronger, closer than before
Is knit the bond 'twixt man and boy.



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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS

Chairman and Chief Engineer of the Canal Commission

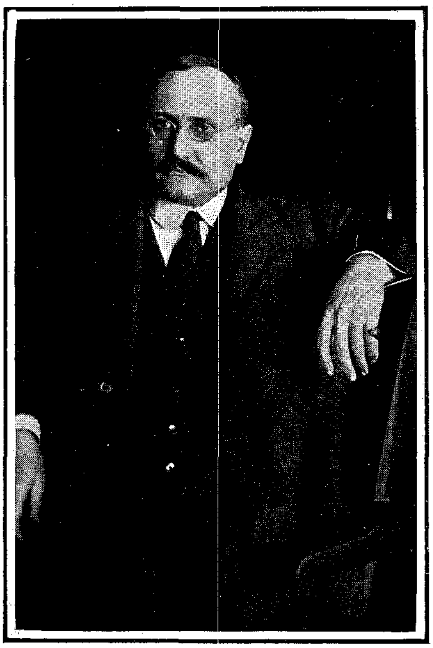
THE NEW CANAL COMMISSION

BY HENRY S. BROWN

IN making his latest reorganization of the Panama Canal Commission, President Roosevelt has taken two important steps as to personnel and one as to policy. He has generally selected for the work young and robust men, who might be expected to withstand the strain incident to anxiety and climate, and live to see the project completed; he has guarded against the interruption of the work through the sudden and unexpected withdrawal of the engineering head; and he has turned the execution largely over to the engineering corps of the United States Army, reversing the course he had hitherto followed of giving the important management to civilians.

One of the reasons given by John F. Stevens, the brilliant Western mountain-railway builder, for desiring to be relieved of the position of chief engineer was the fear that he might not be able to continue at the work until its completion, on account of failing health. Mr. Stevens is nearly fifty-four years old, and less than two years on the Isthmus had served to shake his own superb self-confidence that had already been ample to cope with some of the most difficult and strenuous work of conquering mountains on the Rocky division of the Great Northern Railroad. Added to this was the feeling on the part of Mr. Stevens that he could earn more than double his salary following his profession in the States. The retirement from his post as Chief Engineer of John F. Wallace, who had preceded Mr. Stevens, had given the canal project a backset, and, in view of the fact that on two occasions the men on whom the Government depended for the completion of the work had decided to sever their connection and there was no alternative but to let them go, President Roosevelt decided that there must be some other arrangement, which would give him younger men and at the same time insure the Government against being without a Chief Engineer to carry on the work.

Thus it was that the happy expedient was hit upon not only of drafting for the work an army engineer in the prime of life and with ripe experience to his credit, but of giving him two assistants or associates from the engineer corps. This of course carried with it the plan of placing the work under the supervision of that branch of the service which has had as glorious a record in war and peace as any arm of the United States forces. For the army engineers stand without reproach after more than a century of service. Whether it be building a pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg under fire, building great fortifications on the coast, relieving sudden distress from floods, or turning a turbulent river into a navigable stream for a thousand miles, the engineers have acquitted themselves with credit and honor. The engineers have had the expenditure actually of billions of dollars, and few of these dollars have gone astray. Only at rare intervals has an officer of the corps gone wrong, and


PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS-EWING

MAJOR WILLIAM L. SIBERT

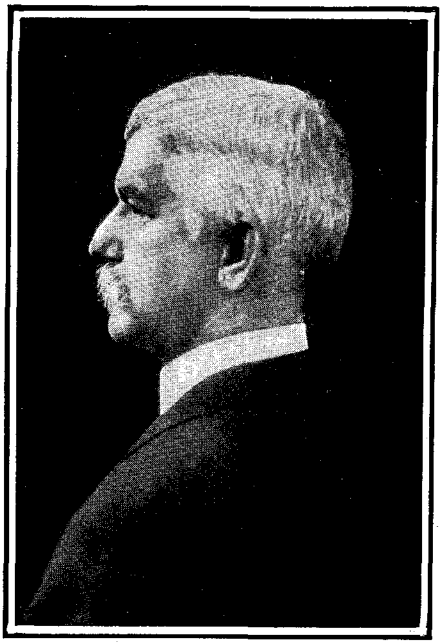
PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS-EWING

MAJOR DAVID GAILLARD

then it has been his associates who have exposed him and seen justice meted out.

It is really, comparatively speaking, a young man's Commission. The active engineers are all less than fifty years of age. Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Goethals, the Chairman of the Commission, is forty-nine years of age; Major David Du B. Gaillard is forty-eight, and Major William L. Sibert is forty-seven. Harry Harwood Rousseau, Civil Engineer of the United States Navy, who is appointed to the Commission in the place of Rear-Admiral Endicott, retired, is but thirty-six years of age. Of the other important members of the Commission, Colonel William C. Gorgas is fifty-three years of age, and has been on the Isthmus almost continuously since the property of the Panama Canal Company was transferred to the United States. Joseph Clay Stiles Blackburn, of Kentucky, who has been appointed not for the purpose of attending to work at Panama so much as for expounding President Roosevelt's policies before Congress, is sixty-nine years of age; and Jackson Smith, the Commissioner who is charged with supplying the labor on the Canal, is comparatively a young man.

Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals, the new head of the Commission, has had very extensive experience in harbor and canal work. He will have had fifteen years of active service before he reaches the retirement age of sixty-four. Indeed, Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals for the last three or four years has made a very careful and complete study of the Panama project. As a member of the General Staff of the army he sat almost constantly at the elbow of Secretary Taft when important questions came up on which the Secretary would have to pass. Unlike the Secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals has been consistently a lock canal man. He believed that was the best type, and he stuck out for that when the board of foreign and American experts declared in favor of the sea-level type. He therefore takes with him to the Isthmus a mind thoroughly saturated with the project, and familiarity with handling large enterprises. Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals's most important work has been in connection with the fortifications, harbor improvements, etc., around Newport, Narragansett Bay, and Long Island Sound. While in charge of these works he built all the defenses on the



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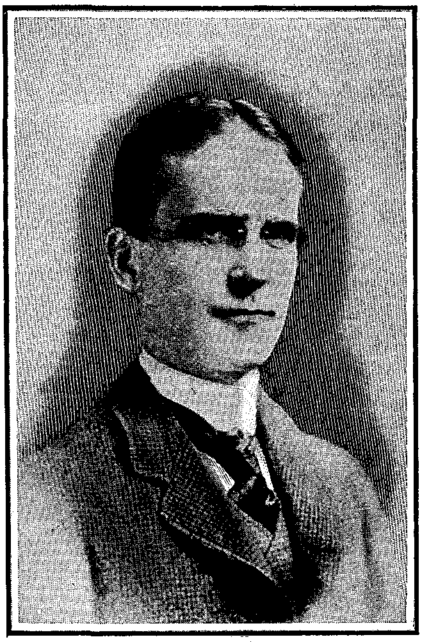
COLONEL WILLIAM C. GORGAS



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS-EWING

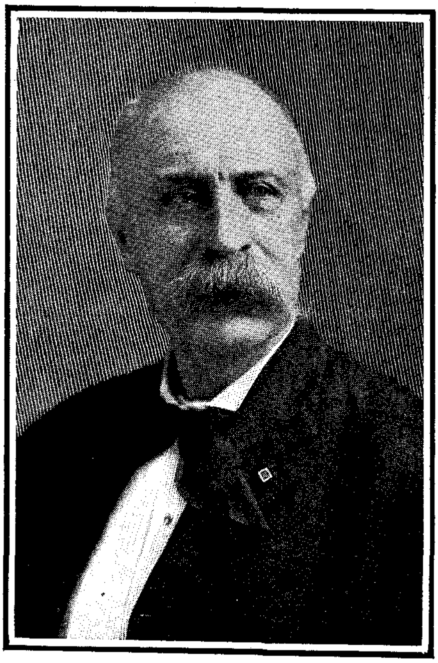
MR. JACKSON SMITH

southeast coast of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, improved the harbors of Hyannis, Nantucket, New Bedford, Vineyard Haven, Fall River, Newport, Block Island, Great Salt Pond Harbor, Point Judith, Woods Hole Channel. He also had charge of the construction of the Shelter Harbor at Point Judith, Rhode Island.

Another very important task which Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals carried to success was the improvement of the Tennessee River below Chattanooga. At a place known as the "Suck," which began thirteen miles below Chattanooga and extended down the stream nine miles, the river formed a series of rapids separated by pools formed by bars of gravel and boulders. The work consisted in removing the obstructions, building a canal fourteen and one-half miles long, seventy to one hundred feet wide, and six feet deep, with a series of nine locks sixty by three hundred feet, and an aqueduct nine hundred feet long and sixty feet wide.

Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals is an engineer of great originality and imagination, and he also possesses to a great degree patience and equal temperament and capacity for hard work. It is freely predicted for him that he will make the entire canal force on the Isthmus follow his leadership loyally, because he has singular facility for getting out the very best of the men who are employed under him.

Major Gaillard is an expert in wave action and in concrete construction. This will make him especially valuable at Panama, because knowledge of such things is needed. Major Gaillard conducted an elaborate system of experiments at Duluth, where he was in charge of the construction of great piers by the Government. This officer saw actual engineering work as assistant to Colonel Black, who was in charge of the river and harbor improvements in Florida. He was later appointed one of the United States Commissioners on the Mexican Boundary Survey. He had service at Fortress Monroe, and later was placed in charge of the aqueduct work at Washington, D. C., and was a member of the board of officers which decided upon the completion of the Washington tunnel. He saw active service during the Spanish War as Colonel of the Third Volunteer Engineers. He has for several years been a member of the Army General



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS-EWING

EX-SENATOR J. C. S. BLACKBURN

Staff, and has recently been stationed in Cuba as assistant to the chief of staff of the United States forces there.

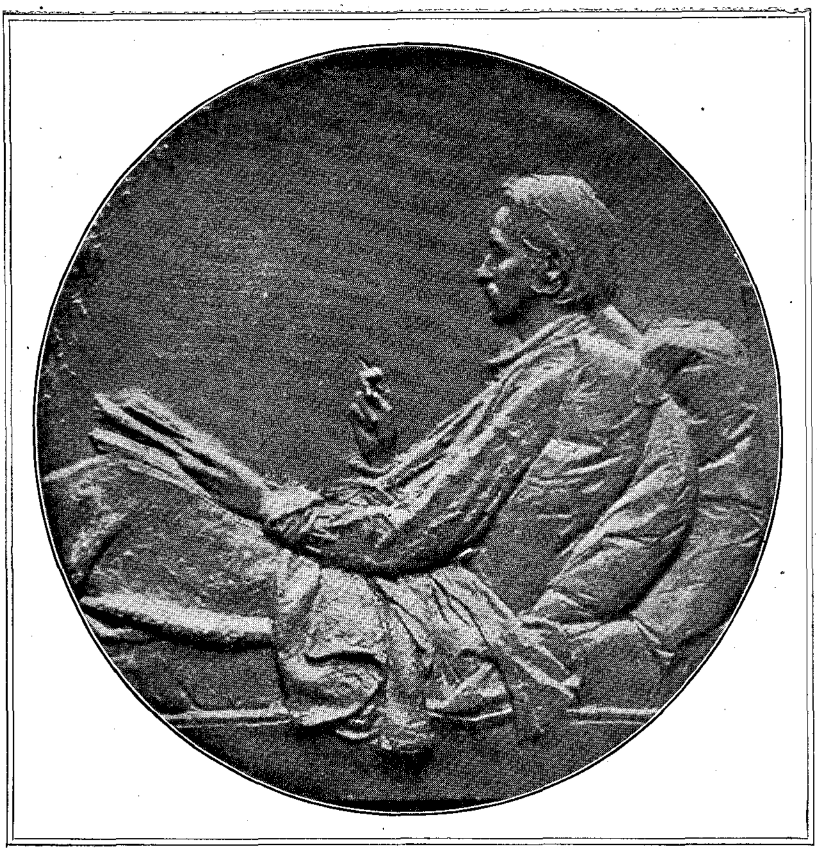
Major Sibert has been almost exclusively employed on engineering construction since he completed a special course in engineering at the school at Willet's Point, following his graduation at West Point. He has for several years had complete charge of the improvements on the rivers around Pittsburg. He is a specialist in the construction of locks and dams, and, like his two associates, brings special qualifications to the work.

One incident which occurred a few months ago will show the methods under which Major Sibert is likely to act if an unexpected emergency should arise. A heavy freshet caused by rainfall and melting snow swept down the Alleghany last winter. The river is in Major Sibert's field of operations. A government dam at Springdale encountered the water, and the river threatened to overflow the one-million-dollar glass plant and cause its destruction. Without a moment's hesitation and without for a moment considering appealing to Washington, owing to the precious time that would be lost, Major Sibert blew up an $80,000 dam and saved the glass plant. His course was approved heartily by his superior.

Civil Engineer Rousseau, the youngest man on the Commission, is an engineering product of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, which has produced many famous engineers. It is a high compliment to Mr. Rousseau that he should be placed in the responsible position of the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the United States Navy, with the rank and pay of a rear-admiral, and also be the fourth man on the Commission, with a salary of $14,000 a year. Mr. Rousseau has lately been on service at the Mare Island Navy-Yard, where his work of applying the jetty principle by means of timber bulkheads for clearing and keeping open the channel to Mare Island Straits has been commended.

The appointment of ex-Senator J. S. C. Blackburn to the Commission came as a surprise. Mr. Blackburn has been a Kentucky politician of the old school, and seems to have attracted President Roosevelt's gratitude for the rather sensational move he made toward the determination, in the last session of Congress, of the Brownsville matter. It had been determined by the Republican managers that they would not make any concessions to President Roosevelt in ordering the investigation. Senator Blackburn introduced a resolution which declared that this investigation was not designed to inquire into the legality of the President's acts in dismissing the battalion of colored troops. This forced the Republicans into agreeing to a new resolution which went even further than Mr. Blackburn's, because it added that the Senate in making this investigation would question neither the legality nor the justice of the President's acts. Mr. Blackburn was appointed Panama Canal Commissioner without his knowledge. He retired to private life on March 4, and while he knows practically nothing about engineering, he will be a considerable aid to the President in using his influence with Southern members in Congress. Mr. Blackburn is a fluent speaker, a dashing campaigner, and for many years he has been a total abstainer, although hailing from the land of toddy. Mr. Blackburn for twenty-eight years served the people of the Blue Grass State in Washington—ten years in the House and eighteen years in the Senate. When he retired from the Senate, he was the leader of the Democratic party in that chamber.

Colonel Gorgas and Mr. Smith, who have been made full-fledged Commissioners, have for several years been actively connected with the Canal enterprise, Colonel Gorgas in perfecting the sanitation of the canal zone, and Mr. Smith in supplying the labor needed for the construction of the Canal.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
From the bas-relief by Augustus Saint-Gaudens

WILL O' THE MILL

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

IT is easy to imagine the whimsical enjoyment, half wistful, half humorous, which Stevenson would get out of the endeavors of his friends and critics to set him in his place among English writers. Is he one of the immortals, or will he join, in the end, the group of those variously gifted men who climbed well up the slope of Olympus, but failed to reach the summit? It is always difficult and, for the most part, idle to attempt to pass final judgment on an artist who has dealt with the vital stuff of our own age and used the language of our own brief hour. In the case of Stevenson there is added the complication of a vivid personality and a career so full of vitality, courage, and a certain chivalry of spirit that no critic with a soul can utterly disregard it; and critics without souls are like judges who know all the points of procedure, but have no grasp of the principles of law and no insight into its equities. Stevenson faced death so long and with such a fine scorn that, like Lanier, his splendid audacity is as much a part of him as his genius.

That he had a touch of genius is beyond question; whether its energy was great enough to vitalize his work against the insidious erosion of time and change is uncertain, and he was so cunning an artificer that one sometimes suspects him of concealing the absence of an imperative impulse to create by the immense and delicate adroitness which was part of his equipment. No man—not even Flaubert or de Maupassant—studied the art of writing with more eager and tireless zeal. He practiced a great profession, but he knew every device of the trade as well. One feels at times as if his invention eclipsed his originality. He could secure large effects, but he was also master of all the tricks of the craft; and he must have been sorely tempted at times to try them on the unsophisticated. It has been said recently by an acute critic of the age that the twentieth will never understand the nineteenth century, because the nineteenth century took itself seriously. Stevenson had a strain of heroism in his nature, and he was a tireless worker, but it is doubtful if he always took himself seriously; he was an artist to his finger-tips, but he was not always in dead earnest. In his most characteristic and individual work he was not quite serious. If "Treasure Island" is to be counted his most graphic piece of narrative and "Kidnapped" his most thoroughly constructed and spirited romance, "Prince Otto" and "Providence and the Guitar" must be regarded as the most Stevensonian, so to speak, of the works of his hand. In these fascinating tales his talent comes close to genius, and falls short only because these stories do not strike root deep in the soil of life, but, like the reputed miracles of Hindu jugglers, take shape by the touch of a magical skill. One would not change them nor have them other than they are; but in their rococo charm, their gay escape from the dull world of reality, their beguiling detachment, they register not only exquisite accomplishment, but definite limitation. One cannot re-read them without recalling that expressive phrase about the attitude of the artist toward the world which brought such a storm of criticism on Stevenson years ago.

In one of his ingenious and unconventional chapters on the art of writing this significant passage appears: "The conjurer juggles with two oranges, and our pleasure in beholding him springs from this, that neither is for an instant overlooked or sacrificed. So with the writer. His pattern, which is to please the supersensual ear, is yet addressed, throughout and first of all, to the demands of logic. Whatever be the obscurities, whatever the intricacies, of the argument, the neatness of the fabric must not suffer, or the artist has been proved unequal to his design. And, on the other hand, no form of words must be selected, no knot must be tied among the phrases, unless knot and word be precisely what is wanted to forward and illuminate the argument; for to fail in this is to swindle in the game." Stevenson always played the game according to the rules; but one wishes at times that he had forgotten the game altogether. A great many very dull or pretentious people take themselves seriously, and when one thinks of Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Corelli, one rejoices that Stevenson laid so light a hand on his themes. In spite of the unholy alliance between seriousness and dullness, however, it remains true that art is fundamentally serious and that its masters, however they may delight in the magic of it, are at heart in earnest. The impression that Stevenson sometimes amuses himself and diverts us by keeping two oranges in the air at the same time is due in some measure to his self-consciousness; the ultimate freshness of the inimitable and the unconscious comes only in whiffs from his work. The artist must always carry a little mirror in his hand—to borrow the favorite phrase of an eminent Dutch actor of the day; but the audience must never get a chance reflection from it.

No sooner does one ask these questions about Stevenson and entertain these doubts than he dismisses them as he recalls the eager spirit, the vivid temperament, the superb courage, the unique talent, the steadfast and unappeasable artistic conscience of the author of "Will o' the Mill."

H. W. M.

THE PLAIN AND THE STARS

THE Mill where Will lived with his adopted parents stood in a falling valley between pine woods and great mountains. Above, hill after hill soared upwards until they soared out of the depth of the hardiest timber, and stood naked against the sky. Some way up, a long gray village lay like a seam or a rag of vapor on a wooded hillside; and when the wind was favorable, the sound of the church bells would drop down, thin and silvery, to Will. Below, the valley grew ever steeper and steeper, and at the same time widened out on either hand; and from an eminence beside the mill it was possible to see its whole length and away beyond it over a wide plain, where the river turned and shone, and moved on from city to city on its voyage towards the sea. It chanced that over this valley there lay a pass into a neighboring kingdom, so that, quiet and rural as it was, the road that ran along beside the river was a high thoroughfare between two splendid and powerful societies. All through the summer, traveling-carriages came crawling up, or went plunging briskly downwards past the mill, and as it happened that the other side was very much easier of ascent, the path was not much frequented, except by people going in one direction; and of all the carriages that Will saw go by, five-sixths were plunging briskly downwards and only one-sixth crawling up. Much more was this the case with foot-passengers. All the light-footed tourists, all the peddlers laden with strange wares, were tending downward like the river that accompanied their path. Nor was this all; for when Will was yet a child a disastrous war arose over a great part of the world. The newspapers were full of defeats and victories, the earth rang with cavalry hoofs, and often for days together and for miles around the coil of battle terrified good people from their labors in the fields. Of all this, nothing was heard for a long time in the valley; but at last one of the commanders pushed an army over the pass by forced marches, and for three days horse and foot, cannon and tumbril, drum and standard, kept pouring downward past the mill. All day the child stood and watched them on their passage—the rhythmical stride, the pale, unshaven faces tanned about the eyes, the discolored regimentals and the tattered flags, filled him with a sense of weariness, pity, and wonder; and all night, long after he was in bed, he could hear the cannon pounding and the feet trampling, and the great armament sweeping onward and downward past the mill. No one in the valley ever heard the fate of the expedition, for they lay out of the way of gossip in those troublous times; but Will saw one thing plainly—that not a man returned. Whither had they all gone? Whither went all the tourists and peddlers with strange wares? whither all the brisk barouches with servants in the dicky? whither the water of the stream, ever coursing downward and ever renewed from above? Even the wind blew oftener down the valley, and carried the dead leaves along with it in the fall. It seemed like a great conspiracy of things animate and inanimate; they all went downward, fleetly and gayly downward, and only he, it seemed, remained behind, like a stock upon the wayside. It sometimes made him glad when he noticed how the fishes kept their heads up stream. They, at least, stood faithfully by him while all else were posting downward to the unknown world.

One evening he asked the miller where the river went.

"It goes down the valley," answered he, "and turns a power of mills—six-score mills, they say from here to Unterdeck—and it none the wearier after all. And then it goes out into the lowlands, and waters the great corn country, and runs through a sight of fine cities (so they say) where kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door. And it goes under bridges with stone men upon them, looking down and smiling so curious at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over too. And then it goes on and on, and down through marshes and sands, until at last it falls into the sea, where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies. Ay, it has a long trot before it as it goes singing over our weir, bless its heart!"

"And what is the sea?" asked Will.

"The sea!" cried the miller. "Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water-mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man, and a crown of silver on her head."

Will thought he had never heard anything like this, and he kept on asking question after question about the world that lay away down the river, with all its perils and marvels, until the old miller became quite interested himself, and at last took him by the hand and led him to the hill-top that overlooks the valley and the plain. The sun was near setting, and hung low down in a cloudless sky. Everything was defined and glorified in golden light. Will had never seen so great an expanse of country in his life; he stood and gazed with all his eyes. He could see the cities, and the woods and fields, and the bright curves of the river, and far away to where the rim of the plain trenched along the shining heavens. An overmastering emotion seized upon the boy, soul and body; his heart beat so thickly that he could not breathe; the scene swam before his eyes; the sun seemed to wheel round and round, and throw off, as it turned, strange shapes which disappeared with the rapidity of thought, and were succeeded by others. Will covered his face with his hands and burst into a violent fit of tears; and the poor miller, sadly disappointed and perplexed, saw nothing better for it than to take him up in his arms and carry him home in silence.

From that day forward Will was full of new hopes and longings. Something kept tugging at his heartstrings; the running water carried his desires along with it as he dreamed over its fleeting surface; the wind, as it ran over innumerable treetops, hailed him with encouraging words; branches beckoned downward; the open road, as it shouldered round the angles and went turning and vanishing faster and faster down the valley, tortured him with its solicitations. He spent long whiles on the eminence, looking down the river-shed and abroad on the flat lowlands, and watched the clouds that traveled forth upon the sluggish wind and trailed their purple shadows on the plain; or he would linger by the wayside, and follow the carriages with his eyes as they rattled downward by the river. It did not matter what it was; everything that went that way, were it cloud or carriage, bird or brown water in the stream, he felt his heart flow out after it in an ecstasy of longing.

We are told by men of science that all the ventures of mariners on the sea, all that countermarching of tribes and races that confounds old history with its dust and rumor, sprang from nothing more abstruse than the laws of supply and demand, and a certain natural instinct for cheap rations. To any one thinking deeply this will seem a dull and pitiful explanation. The tribes that came swarm ing out of the North and East, if they were indeed pressed onward from behind by others were drawn at the same time by the magnetic influence of the South and West. The fame of other lands had reached them; the name of the eternal city rang in their ears; they were not colonists, but pilgrims; they traveled towards wine and gold and sunshine, but their hearts were set on something higher. That divine unrest, that old stinging trouble of humanity that makes all high achievements and all miserable failure, the same that spread wings with Icarus, the same that sent Columbus into the desolate Atlantic, inspired and supported these barbarians on their perilous march. There is one legend which profoundly represents their spirit, of how a flying party of these wanderers encountered a very old man shod with iron. The old man asked them whither they were going; and they answered with one voice, "To the Eternal City!" He looked upon them gravely; "I have sought it," he said, "over the most part of the world. Three such pairs as I now carry on my feet have I worn out upon this pilgrimage, and now the fourth is growing slender underneath my steps. And all this while I have not found the city." And he turned and went his own way alone, leaving them astonished.

And yet this would scarcely parallel the intensity of Will's feeling for the plain. If he could only go far enough out there, he felt as if his eyesight would be purged and clarified, as if his hearing would grow more delicate, and his very breath would come and go with luxury. He was transplanted and withering where he was; he lay in a strange country and was sick for home. Bit by bit, he pieced together broken notions of the world below: of the river, ever moving and growing until it sailed forth into the majestic ocean; of the cities full of brisk and beautiful people, playing fountains, bands of music and marble palaces, and lighted up at night from end to end with artificial stars of gold; of the great churches, wise universities, brave armies, and untold money lying stored in vaults; of the high-flying vice that moved in the sunshine, and the stealth and swiftness of midnight murder. I have said he was sick as if for home: the figure halts. He was like some one lying in twilit, formless pre-existence, and stretching out his hands lovingly towards many-colored, many-sounding life. It was no wonder he was unhappy—he would go and tell the fish: they were made for their life, and wished for no more than worms and running water, and a hole below a falling bank; but he was differently designed, full of desires and aspirations, itching at the fingers, lusting with the eyes, whom the whole variegated world could not satisfy with aspects. The true life, the true bright sunshine, lay far out upon the plain. And O! to see this sunlight once before he died, to move with a jocund spirit in a golden land! to hear the trained singers and sweet church bells, and see the holiday gardens! "And O fish!" he would cry, "if you would only turn your noses down stream, you could swim so easily into the fabled waters and see the vast ships passing over your head like clouds, and hear the great water hills making music over you all day long!" But the fish kept looking patiently in their own direction, until Will hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

Hitherto the traffic on the road had passed by Will like something seen in a picture: he had perhaps exchanged salutations with a tourist, or caught sight of an old gentleman in a traveling cap at a carriage window; but for the most part it had been a mere symbol, which he contemplated from apart and with something of a superstitious feeling. A time came at last when this was to be changed. The miller, who was a greedy man in his way, and never forewent an opportunity of honest profit, turned the mill-house into a little wayside inn, and, several pieces of good fortune falling in opportunely, built stables and got the position of post master on the road. It now became Will's duty to wait upon people, as they sat to break their fasts in the little arbor at the top of the mill garden; and you may be sure that he kept his ears open, and learned many new things about the outside world as he brought the omelet or the wine. Nay, he would often get into conversation with single guests, and, by adroit questions and polite attention, not only gratify his own curiosity, but win the goodwill of the travelers. Many complimented the old couple on their serving-boy; and a professor was eager to take him away with him, and have him properly educated in the plain. The miller and his wife were mightily astonished and even more pleased. They thought it a very good thing that they should have opened their inn. "You see," the old man would remark, "he has a kind of talent for a publican; he never would have made anything else!" And so life wagged on in the valley, with high satisfaction to all concerned except Will. Every carriage that left the inn door seemed to take a part of him away with it; and when people jestingly offered him a lift, he could with difficulty command his emotion. Night after night he would dream that he was awakened by flustered servants, and that a splendid equipage waited at the door to carry him down into the plain; night after night; until the dream, which had seemed all jollity to him at first, began to take on a color of gravity, and a nocturnal summons and waiting equipage occupied a place in his mind as something to be both feared and hoped for.

One day, when Will was about sixteen, a fat young man arrived at sunset to pass the night. He was a contented-looking fellow, with a jolly eye, and carried a knapsack. While dinner was preparing, he sat in the arbor to read a book; but as soon as he had begun to observe Will, the book was laid aside; he was plainly one of those who prefer living people to people made of ink and paper. Will, on his part, although he had not been much interested in the stranger at first sight, soon began to take a great deal of pleasure in his talk, which was full of good-nature and good sense, and at last conceived a great respect for his character and wisdom. They sat far into the night; and about two in the morning Will opened his heart to the young man, and told him how he longed to leave the valley and what bright hopes he had connected with the cities of the plain. The young man whistled and then broke into a smile.

"My young friend," he remarked, "you are a very curious little fellow, to be sure, and wish a great many things which you will never get. Why, you would feel quite ashamed if you knew how the little fellows in these fairy cities of yours are all after the same sort of nonsense, and keep breaking their hearts to get up into the mountains. And let me tell you, those who go down into the plains are a very short while there before they wish themselves heartily back again. The air is not so light nor so pure; nor is the sun any brighter. As for the beautiful men and women, you would see many of them in rags and many of them deformed with horrible disorders; and a city is so hard a place for people who are poor and sensitive that many choose to die by their own hand."

"You must think me very simple," answered Will. "Although I have never been out of this valley, believe me, I have used my eyes. I know how one thing lives on another; for instance, how the fish hangs in the eddy to catch his fellows; and the shepherd, who makes so pretty a picture carrying home the lamb, is only carrying it home for dinner. I do not expect to find all things right in your cities. That is not what troubles me; it might have been that once upon a time; but although I live here always, I have asked many questions and learned a great deal in these last years, and certainly enough to cure me of my old fancies. But you would not have me die like a dog and not see all that is to be seen, and do all that a man can do, let it be good or evil? you would not have me spend all my days between this road here and the river, and not so much as make a motion to be up and live my life?—I would rather die out of hand," he cried, "than linger on as I am doing."

"Thousands of people," said the young man, "live and die like you, and are none the less happy."

"Ah!" said Will, "if there are thousands who would like, why should not one of them have my place?"

It was quite dark; there was a hanging lamp in the arbor which lit up the table and the faces of the speakers; and along the arch the leaves upon the trellis stood out illuminated against the night sky, a pattern of transparent green upon a dusky purple. The fat young man rose, and, taking Will by the arm, led him out under the open heavens.

"Did you ever look at the stars?" he asked, pointing upwards.

"Often and often," answered Will.

"And do you know what they are?"

"I have fancied many things."

"They are worlds like ours," said the young man. "Some of them less; many of them a million times greater; and some of the least sparkles that you see are not only worlds, but whole clusters of worlds turning about each other in the midst of space. We do not know what there may be in any of them; perhaps the answer to all our difficulties, or the cure of all our sufferings; and yet we can never reach them; not all the skill of the craftiest of men can fit out a ship for the nearest of these our neighbors, nor would the life of the most aged suffice for such a journey. When a great battle has been lost or a dear friend is dead, when we are hipped or in high spirits, there they are unweariedly shining overhead. We may stand down here, a whole army of us together, and shout until we break our hearts, and not a whisper reaches them. We may climb the highest mountain, and we are no nearer them. All we can do is to stand down here in the garden and take off our hats; the starshine lights upon our heads, and where mine is a little bald, I dare say you can see it glisten in the darkness. The mountain and the mouse. That is like to be all we shall ever have to do with Arcturus or Aldebaran. Can you apply a parable?" he added, laying his hand upon Will's shoulder. "It is not the same thing as a reason, but usually vastly more convincing."

Will hung his head a little, and then raised it once more to heaven. The stars seemed to expand and emit a sharper brilliancy; and as he kept turning his eyes higher and higher, they seemed to increase in multitude under his gaze.

"I see," he said, turning to the young man. "We are in a rat-trap."

"Something of that size. Did you ever see a squirrel turning in a cage? and another squirrel sitting philosophically over his nuts? I needn't ask you which of them looked more of a fool."

THE PARSON'S MARJORY

After some years the old people died, both in one winter, very carefully tended by their adopted son, and very quietly mourned when they were gone. People who had heard of his roving fancies supposed he would hasten to sell the property, and go down the river to push his fortunes. But there was never any sign of such an intention on the part of Will. On the contrary, he had the inn set on a better footing, and hired a couple of servants to assist him in carrying it on; and there he settled down, a kind, talkative, inscrutable young man, six feet three in his stockings, with an iron constitution and a friendly voice. He soon began to take rank in the district as a bit of an oddity; it was not much to be wondered at from the first, for he was always full of notions, and kept calling the plainest common sense in question; but what most raised the report upon him was the odd circumstance of his courtship with the parson's Marjory.

The parson's Marjory was a lass about nineteen, when Will would be about thirty; well enough looking, and much better educated than any other girl in that part of the country, as became her parentage. She held her head very high, and had already refused several offers of marriage with a grand air, which had got her hard names among the neighbors. For all that she was a good girl, and one that would have made any man well contented.

Will had never seen much of her; for although the church and parsonage were only two miles from his own door, he was never known to go there but on Sundays. It chanced, however, that the parsonage fell into disrepair, and had to be dismantled; and the parson and his daughter took lodgings for a month or so, on very much reduced terms, at Will's inn. Now, what with the inn, and the mill, and the old miller's savings, our friend was a man of substance; and besides that, he had a name for good temper and shrewdness, which make a capital portion in marriage; and so it was currently gossiped, among their ill-wishers, that the parson and his daughter had not chosen their temporary lodging with their eyes shut. Will was about the last man in the world to be cajoled or frightened into marriage. You had only to look into his eyes, limpid and still like pools of water, and yet with a sort of clear light that seemed to come from within, and you would understand at once that here was one who knew his own mind, and would stand to it immovably. Marjory herself was no weakling by her looks, with strong, steady eyes and a resolute and quiet bearing. It might be a question whether she was not Will's match in steadfastness, after all, or which of them would rule the roast in marriage. But Marjory had never given it a thought, and accompanied her father with the most unshaken innocence and unconcern.

The season was still so early that Will's customers were few and far between; but the lilacs were already flowering, and the weather was so mild that the party took dinner under the trellis, with the noise of the river in their ears and the woods ringing about them with the songs of birds. Will soon began to take a particular pleasure in these dinners. The parson was rather a dull companion, with a habit of dozing at table; but nothing rude or cruel ever fell from his lips. And as for the parson's daughter, she suited her surroundings with the best grace imaginable; and whatever she said seemed so pat and pretty that Will conceived a great idea of her talents. He could see her face, as she leaned forward, against a background of rising pine woods; her eyes shone peaceably; the light lay around her hair like a kerchief; something that was hardly a smile rippled her pale cheeks, and Will could not contain himself from gazing on her in an agreeable dismay. She looked, even in her quietest moments, so complete in herself, and so quick with life down to her finger-tips and the very skirts of her dress, that the remainder of created things became no more than a blot by comparison; and if Will glanced away from her to her surroundings, the trees looked inanimate and senseless, the clouds hung in heaven like dead things, and even the mountain tops were disenchanted. The whole valley could not compare in looks with this one girl.

Will was always observant in the society of his fellow-creatures; but his observation became almost painfully eager in the case of Marjory. He listened to all she uttered, and read her eyes, at the same time, for the unspoken commentary. Many kind, simple, and sincere speeches found an echo in his heart. He became conscious of a soul beautifully poised upon itself, nothing doubting, nothing desiring, clothed in peace. It was not possible to separate her thoughts from her appearance. The turn of her wrist, the still sound of her voice, the light in her eyes, the lines of her body, fell in tune with her grave and gentle words, like the accompaniment that sustains and harmonizes the voice of the singer. Her influence was one thing, not to be divided or discussed, only to be felt with gratitude and joy. To Will, her presence recalled something of his childhood, and the thought of her took its place in his mind beside that of dawn, of running water, and of the earliest violets and lilacs. It is the property of things seen for the first time, or for the first time after long, like the flowers in spring, to reawaken in us the sharp edge of sense and that impression of mystic strangeness which otherwise passes out of life with the coming of years; but the sight of a loved face is what renews a man's character from the fountain upwards.

One day after dinner Will took a stroll among the firs; a grave beatitude possessed him from top to toe, and he kept smiling to himself and the landscape as he went. The river ran between the stepping-stones with a pretty wimple; a bird sang loudly in the wood; the hill-tops looked immeasurably high, and as he glanced at them from time to time seemed to contemplate his movements with a beneficent but awful curiosity. His way took him to the eminence which overlooked the plain; and there he sat down upon a stone, and fell into deep and pleasant thought. The plain lay abroad with its cities and silver river; everything was asleep, except a great eddy of birds which kept rising and falling and going round and round in the blue air. He repeated Marjory's name aloud, and the sound of it gratified his ear. He shut his eyes, and her image sprang up before him, quietly luminous and attended with good thoughts. The river might run forever; the birds fly higher and higher till they touched the stars. He saw it was empty bustle after all; for here, without stirring a foot, waiting patiently in his own narrow valley, he also had attained the better sunlight.

The next day Will made a sort of declaration across the dinner-table, while the parson was filling his pipe.

"Miss Marjory," he said, "I never knew any one I liked so well as you. I am mostly a cold, unkindly sort of man; not from want of heart, but out of strangeness in my way of thinking; and people seem far away from me. 'Tis as if there were a circle round me, which kept every one out but you; I can hear the others talking and laughing; but you come quite close. Maybe, this is disagreeable to you?" he asked.

Marjory made no answer.

"Speak up, girl," said the parson.

"Nay, now," returned Will, "I wouldn't press her, parson. I feel tongue-tied myself, who am not used to it; and she's a woman, and little more than a child, when all is said. But for my part, as far as I can understand what people mean by it, I fancy I must be what they call in love. I do not wish to be held as committing myself; for I may be wrong; but that is how I believe things are with me. And if Miss Marjory should feel any otherwise on her part, mayhap she would be so kind as shake her head."

Marjory was silent, and gave no sign that she had heard.

"How is that, parson?" asked Will.

"The girl must speak," replied the parson, laying down his pipe. "Here's our neighbor who says he loves you, Madge. Do you love him, ay or no?"

"I think I do," said Marjory, faintly.

"Well, then, that's all that could be wished!" cried Will, heartily. And he took her hand across the table, and held it a moment in both of his with great satisfaction.

"You must marry," observed the parson, replacing his pipe in his mouth.

"Is that the right thing to do, think you?" demanded Will.

"It is indispensable," said the parson.

"Very well," replied the wooer.

Two or three days passed away with great delight to Will, although a bystander might scarce have found it out. He continued to take his meals opposite Marjory, and to talk with her and gaze upon her in her father's presence; but he made no attempt to see her alone, nor in any other way changed his conduct towards her from what it had been since the beginning. Perhaps the girl was a little disappointed, and perhaps not unjustly; and yet if it had been enough to be always in the thoughts of another person, and so pervade and alter his whole life, she might have been thoroughly contented. For she was never out of Will's mind for an instant. He sat over the stream, and watched the dust of the eddy, and the poised fish, and straining weeds; he wandered out alone into the purple even, with all the blackbirds piping round him in the wood; he rose early in the morning, and saw the sky turn from gray to gold, and the light leap upon the hill-tops; and all the while he kept wondering if he had never seen such things before, or how it was that they should look so different now. The sound of his own mill-wheel, or of the wind among the trees, confounded and charmed his heart. The most enchanting thoughts presented themselves unbidden in his mind. He was so happy that he could not sleep at night, and so restless that he could hardly sit still out of her company. And yet it seemed as if he avoided her rather than sought her out.

One day, as he was coming home from a ramble, Will found Marjory in the garden picking flowers, and as he came up with her, slackened his pace and continued walking by her side.

"You like flowers?" he said.

"Indeed, I love them dearly," she replied. "Do you?"

"Why, no," said he, "not so much. They are a very small affair, when all is done. I can fancy people caring for them greatly, but not doing as you are just now."

"How?" she asked, pausing and looking up at him.

"Plucking them," said he. "They are a deal better off where they are, and look a deal prettier, if you go to that."

"I wish to have them for my own," she answered, "to carry them near my heart, and keep them in my room. They tempt me when they grow here; they seem to say, 'Come and do something with us;' but once I have cut them and put them by, the charm is laid, and I can look at them with quite an easy heart."

"You wish to possess them," replied Will, "in order to think no more about them. It's a bit like killing the goose with the golden eggs. It's a bit like what I wished to do when I was a boy. Because I had a fancy for looking out over the plain, I wished to go down there—where I couldn't look out over it any longer. Was not that fine reasoning? Dear, dear, if they only thought of it, all the world would do like me; and you would let your flowers alone, just as I stay up here in the mountains." Suddenly he broke off sharp. "By the Lord!" he cried. And when she asked him what was wrong, he turned the question off and walked away into the house with rather a humorous expression of face.

He was silent at table; and after the night had fallen and the stars had come out overhead, he walked up and down for hours in the courtyard and garden with an uneven pace. There was still a light in the window of Marjory's room; one little oblong patch of orange in a world of dark-blue hills and silver starlight. Will's mind ran a great deal on the window; but his thoughts were not very lover-like. "There she is in her room," he thought, "and there are the stars overhead—a blessing upon both!" Both were good influences in his life; both soothed and braced him in his profound contentment with the world. And what more should he desire with either? The fat young man and his counsels were so present to his mind that he threw back his head, and, putting his hands before his mouth, shouted aloud to the populous heavens. Whether from the position of his head or the sudden strain of the exertion, he seemed to see a momentary shock among the stars, and a diffusion of frosty light pass from one to another along the sky. At the same instant, a corner of the blind was lifted up and lowered again at once. He laughed a loud ho-ho! "One and another!" thought Will. "The stars tremble, and the blind goes up. Why, before Heaven, what a great magician I must be! Now if I were only a fool, should not I be in a pretty way?" And he went off to bed, chuckling to himself, "If I were only a fool!"

The next morning, pretty early, he saw her once more in the garden, and sought her out.

"I have been thinking about getting married," he began abruptly; "and after having turned it all over, I have made up my mind it's not worth while."

She turned upon him for a single moment; but his radiant, kindly appearance would, under the circumstances, have disconcerted an angel, and she looked down again upon the ground in silence. He could see her tremble.

"I hope you don't mind," he went on, a little taken aback. "You ought not. I have turned it all over, and upon my soul there's nothing in it. We should never be one whit nearer than we are just now, and, if I am a wise man, nothing like so happy."

"It is unnecessary to go round about with me," she said. "I very well remember that you refused to commit yourself; and now that I see you were mistaken, and in reality have never cared for me, I can only feel sad that I have been so far misled."

"I ask your pardon," said Will stoutly; "you do not understand my meaning. As to whether I have ever loved you or not, I must leave that to others. But for one thing, my feeling is not changed; and for another, you may make it your boast that you have made my whole life and character something different from what they were. I mean what I say; no less. I do not think getting married is worth while. I would rather you went on living with your father, so that I could walk over and see you once or maybe twice a week, as people go to church, and then we should both be all the happier between whiles. That's my notion. But I'll marry you if you will," he added.

"Do you know that you are insulting me," she broke out.

"Not I, Marjory," said he; "if there is anything in a clear conscience, not I. I offer all my heart's best affections; you can take it or want it, though I suspect it's beyond either your power or mine to change what has once been done, and set me fancy-free. I'll marry you, if you like; but I tell you again and again, it's not worth while, and we had best stay friends. Though I am a quiet man, I have noticed a heap of things in my life. Trust in me, and take things as I propose; or, if you don't like that, say the word, and I'll marry you out of hand."

There was a considerable pause, and Will, who began to feel uneasy, began to grow angry in consequence.

"It seems you are too proud to say your mind," he said. "Believe me, that's a pity. A clean shrift makes simple living. Can a man be more downright or honorable to a woman than I have been? I have said my say, and given you your choice. Do you want me to marry you? or will you take my friendship, as I think best? or have you had enough of me for good? Speak out, for the dear God's sake! You know your father told you a girl should speak her mind in these affairs."

She seemed to recover herself at that, turned without a word, walked rapidly through the garden, and disappeared into the house, leaving Will in some confusion as to the result. He walked up and down the garden, whistling softly to himself. Sometimes he stopped and contemplated the sky and hill-tops; sometimes he went down to the tail of the weir and sat there, looking foolishly in the water. All this dubiety and perturbation was so foreign to his nature and the life which he had resolutely chosen for himself, that he began to regret Marjory's arrival. "After all," he thought, "I was as happy as a man need be. I could come down here and watch my fishes all day long if I wanted; I was as settled and contented as my old mill."

Marjory came down to dinner, looking very trim and quiet; and no sooner were all three at table than she made her father a speech, with her eyes fixed upon her plate, but showing no other sign of embarrassment or distress.

"Father," she began, "Mr. Will and I have been talking things over. We see that we have each made a mistake about our feelings, and he has agreed, at my request, to give up all idea of marriage, and be no more than my very good friend, as in the past. You see, there is no shadow of a quarrel, and indeed I hope we shall see a great deal of him in the future, for his visits will always be welcome in our house. Of course, father, you will know best, but perhaps we should do better to leave Mr. Will's house for the present. I believe, after what has passed, we should hardly be agreeable inmates for some days."

Will, who had commanded himself with difficulty from the first, broke out upon this into an inarticulate noise, and raised one hand with an appearance of real dismay, as if he were about to interfere and contradict. But she checked him at once, looking up at him with a swift glance and an angry flush upon her cheek.

"You will perhaps have the good grace," she said, "to let me explain these matters for myself."

Will was put entirely out of countenance by her expression and the ring of her voice. He held his peace, concluding that there were some things about this girl beyond his comprehension, in which he was exactly right.

The poor parson was quite crestfallen. He tried to prove that this was no more than a true lovers' tiff, which would pass off before night; and when he was dislodged from that position, he went on to argue that where there was no quarrel there could be no call for a separation; for the good man liked both his entertainment and his host. It was curious to see how the girl managed them, saying little all the time, and that very quietly, and yet twisting them round her finger and insensibly leading them wherever she would by feminine tact and generalship. It scarcely seemed to have been her doing—it seemed as if things had merely so fallen out—that she and her father took their departure that same afternoon in a farm-cart, and went farther down the valley, to wait, until their own house was ready for them, in another hamlet. But Will had been observing closely, and was well aware of her dexterity and resolution. When he found himself alone, he had a great many curious matters to turn over in his mind. He was very sad and solitary, to begin with. All the interest had gone out of his life, and he might look up at the stars as long as he pleased, he somehow failed to find support or consolation. And then he was in such a turmoil of spirit about Marjory. He had been puzzled and irritated at her behavior, and yet he could not keep himself from admiring it. He thought he recognized a fine, perverse angel in that still soul which he had never hitherto suspected; and though he saw it was an influence that would fit but ill with his own life of artificial calm, he could not keep himself from ardently desiring to possess it. Like a man who has lived among shadows and now meets the sun, he was both pained and delighted.

As the days went forward he passed from one extreme to another; now pluming himself on the strength of his determination, now despising his timid and silly caution. The former was perhaps the true thought of his heart, and represented the regular tenor of the man's reflections; but the latter burst forth from time to time with an unruly violence, and then he would forget all consideration, and go up and down his house and garden or walk among the fir woods like one who is beside himself with remorse. To equable, steady-minded Will this state of matters was intolerable; and he determined, at whatever cost, to bring it to an end. So, one warm summer afternoon he put on his best clothes, took a thorn switch in his hand, and set out down the valley by the river. As soon as he had taken his determination, he had regained at a bound his customary peace of heart, and he enjoyed the bright weather and the variety of the scene without any admixture of alarm or unpleasant eagerness. It was nearly the same to him how the matter turned out. If she accepted him, he would have to marry her this time, which perhaps was all for the best. If she refused him, he would have done his utmost, and might follow his own way in the future with an untroubled conscience. He hoped, on the whole, that she would refuse him; and then, again, as he saw the brown roof which sheltered her, peeping through some willows at an angle of the stream, he was half inclined to reverse the wish, and more than half ashamed of himself for this infirmity of purpose.

Marjory seemed glad to see him, and gave him her hand without affectation or delay.

"I have been thinking about this marriage," he began.

"So have I," she answered. "And I respect you more and more for a very wise man. You understood me better than I understood myself; and I am now quite certain that things are all for the best as they are."

"At the same time—" ventured Will.

"You must be tired," she interrupted. "Take a seat and let me fetch you a glass of wine. The afternoon is so warm; and I wish you not to be displeased with your visit. You must come quite often; once a week, if you can spare the time; I am always so glad to see my friends."

"Oh, very well," thought Will to himself. "It appears I was right, after all." And he paid a very agreeable visit, walked home again in capital spirits, and gave himself no further concern about the matter.

For nearly three years Will and Marjory continued on these terms, seeing each other once or twice a week without any word of love between them; and for all that time I believe Will was nearly as happy as a man can be. He rather stinted himself the pleasure of seeing her; and he would often walk half-way over to the parsonage, and then back again, as if to whet his appetite. Indeed, there was one corner of the road, whence he could see the church spire wedged into a crevice of the valley between sloping fir woods, with a triangular snatch of plain by way of background, which he greatly affected as a place to sit and moralize in before returning homewards; and the peasants got so much into the habit of finding him there in the twilight that they gave it the name of "Will o' the Mill's Corner."

At the end of the three years Marjory played him a sad trick by suddenly marrying somebody else. Will kept his countenance bravely, and merely remarked that, for as little as he knew of women, he had acted very prudently in not marrying her himself three years before. She plainly knew very little of her own mind, and, in spite of a deceptive manner, was as fickle and flighty as the rest of them. He had to congratulate himself on an escape, he said, and would take a higher opinion of his own wisdom in consequence. But at heart he was reasonably displeased, moped a good deal for a month or two, and fell away in flesh, to the astonishment of his serving-lads.

It was perhaps a year after this marriage that Will was awakened late one night by the sound of a horse galloping on the road, followed by precipitate knocking at the inn door. He opened his window and saw a farm servant, mounted and holding a led horse by the bridle, who told him to make what haste he could and go along with him; for Marjory was dying, and had sent urgently to fetch him to her bedside. Will was no horseman, and made so little speed upon the way that the poor young wife was very near her end before he arrived. But they had some minutes' talk in private, and he was present and wept very bitterly while she breathed her last.

DEATH

Year after year went away into nothing, with great explosions and outcries in the cities on the plain: red revolt springing up and being suppressed in blood, battle swaying hither and thither, patient astonomers in observatory towers picking out and christening new stars, plays being performed in lighted theaters, people being carried into hospitals on stretchers, and all the usual turmoil and agitation of men's lives in crowded centers. Up in Will's valley only the winds and seasons made an epoch; the fish hung in the swift stream, the birds circled overhead, the pine-tops rustled underneath the stars, the tall hills stood over all; and Will went to and fro, minding his wayside inn, until the snow began to thicken on his head. His heart was young and vigorous; and if his pulses kept a sober time, they still beat strong and steady in his wrists. He carried a ruddy stain on either cheek like a ripe apple; he stooped a little, but his step was still firm; and his sinewy hands were reached out to all men with a friendly pressure. His face was covered with those wrinkles which are got in open air, and which, rightly looked at, are no more than a sort of permanent sunburning. Such wrinkles heighten the stupidity of stupid faces, but to a person like Will, with his clear eyes and smiling mouth, only give another charm by testifying to a simple and easy life. His talk was full of wise sayings. He had a taste for other people, and other people had a taste for him. When the valley was full of tourists in the season, there were merry nights in Will's arbor; and his views, which seemed whimsical to his neighbors, were often enough admired by learned people out of towns and colleges. Indeed, he had a very noble old age, and grew daily better known; so that his fame was heard of in the cities of the plain; and young men who had been summer travelers spoke together in cafés of Will o' the Mill and his rough philosophy. Many and many an invitation, you may be sure, he had; but nothing could tempt him from his upland valley. He would shake his head and smile over his tobacco-pipe with a deal of meaning. "You come too late," he would answer. "I am a dead man now; I have lived and died already. Fifty years ago you would have brought my heart into my mouth; and now you do not even tempt me. But that is the object of long living, that man should cease to care about life." And again: "There is only one difference between a long life and a good dinner: that, in the dinner, the sweets come last." Or, once more: "When I was a boy I was a bit puzzled, and hardly knew whether it was myself or the world that was curious and worth looking into. Now, I know it is myself, and stick to that."

He never showed any symptoms of

frailty, but kept stalwart and firm to the last; but they say he grew less talkative towards the end, and would listen to other people by the hour in an amused and sympathetic silence. Only, when he did speak, it was more to the point and more charged with old experience. He drank a bottle of wine gladly; above all, at sunset on the hill-top or quite late at night under the stars in the arbor. The sight of something attractive and unattainable seasoned his enjoyment, he would say; and he professed he had lived long enough to admire a candle all the more when he could compare it with a planet.

One night, in his seventy-second year, he awoke in bed, in such uneasiness of body and mind that he arose and dressed himself and went out to meditate in the arbor. It was pitch dark, without a star; the river was swollen, and the wet woods and meadows loaded the air with perfume. It had thundered during the day, and it promised more thunder for the morrow. A murky, stifling night for a man of seventy-two! Whether it was the weather or the wakefulness, or some little touch of fever in his old limbs, Will's mind was besieged by tumultuous and crying memories. His boyhood, the night with the fat young man, the death of his adopted parents, the summer days with Marjory, and many of those small circumstances which seem nothing to another and are yet the very gist of a man's own life to himself—things seen, words heard, looks misconstrued—arose from their forgotten corners and usurped his attention. The dead themselves were with him, not merely taking part in this thin show of memory that defiled before his brain, but revisiting his bodily senses as they do in profound and vivid dreams. The fat young man leaned his elbows on the table opposite; Marjory came and went with an apronful of flowers between the garden and the arbor; he could hear the old parson knocking out his pipe or blowing his resonant nose. The tide of his consciousness ebbed and flowed; he was sometimes half asleep and drowned in his recollections of the past; and sometimes he was broad awake, wondering at himself. But about the middle of the night he was startled by the voice of the dead miller calling to him out of the house as he used to do on the arrival of custom. The hallucination was so perfect that Will sprang from his seat and stood listening for the summons to be repeated; and as he listened he became conscious of another noise besides the brawling of the river and the ringing in his feverish ears. It was like the stir of the horses and the creaking of harness, as though a carriage with an impatient team had been brought up upon the road before the courtyard gate. At such an hour, upon this rough and dangerous pass, the supposition was no better than absurd; and Will dismissed it from his mind, and resumed his seat upon the arbor chair; and sleep closed over him again like running water. He was once again awakened by the dead miller's call, thinner and more spectral than before; and once again he heard the noise of an equipage upon the road. And so thrice and four times the same dream, or the same fancy, presented itself to his senses; until at length, smiling to himself as when one humors a nervous child, he proceeded towards the gate to set his uncertainty at rest.

From the arbor to the gate was no great distance, and yet it took Will some time; it seemed as if the dead thickened around him in the court, and crossed his path at every step. For, first, he was suddenly surprised by an overpowering sweetness of heliotropes; it was as if his garden had been planted with this flower from end to end, and the hot, damp night had drawn forth all their perfumes in a breath. Now the heliotrope had been Marjory's favorite flower, and since her death not one of them had ever been planted in Will's ground.

"I must be going crazy," he thought. "Poor Marjory and her heliotropes!"

And with that he raised his eyes towards the window that had once been hers. If he had been bewildered before, he was now almost terrified; for there was a light in the room; the window was an orange oblong as of yore; and the corner of the blind was lifted and let fall as on the night when he stood and shouted to the stars in his perplexity.

The illusion only endured an instant; but it left him somewhat unmanned, rubbing his eyes and staring at the outline of the house and the black night behind it. While he thus stood, and it seemed as if he must have stood there quite a long time, there came a renewal of the noises on the road; and he turned in time to meet a stranger, who was advancing to meet him across the court. There was something like the outline of a great carriage discernible on the road behind the stranger, and above that a few black pine-tops, like so many plumes.

"Master Will?" asked the newcomer, in brief military fashion.

"That same, sir," answered Will. "Can I do anything to serve you?"

"I have heard you much spoken of, Master Will," returned the other; "much spoken of, and well. And though I have both hands full of business, I wish to drink a bottle of wine with you in your arbor. Before I go I shall introduce myself."

Will led the way to the trellis, and got a lamp lighted and a bottle uncorked. He was not altogether unused to such complimentary interviews, and hoped little enough from this one, being schooled by many disappointments. A sort of cloud had settled on his wits and prevented him from remembering the strangeness of the hour. He moved like a person in his sleep; and it seemed as if the lamp caught fire and the bottle came uncorked with the facility of thought. Still, he had some curiosity about the appearance of his visitor, and tried in vain to turn the light into his face; either he handled the lamp clumsily, or there was a dimness over his eyes, but he could make out little more than a shadow at table with him. He stared and stared at this shadow, as he wiped out the glasses, and began to feel cold and strange about the heart. The silence weighed upon him, for he could hear nothing now, not even the river, but the drumming of his own arteries in his ears.

"Here's to you," said the stranger, roughly.

"Here is my service, sir," replied Will, sipping his wine, which somehow tasted oddly.

"I understand you are a very positive fellow," pursued the stranger.

Will made answer with a smile of some satisfaction and a little nod.

"So am I," continued the other; "and it is the delight of my heart to tramp on people's corns. I will have nobody positive but myself; not one. I have crossed the whims, in my time, of kings and generals and great artists. And what would you say," he went on, "if I had come up here on purpose to cross yours?"

Will had it on his tongue to make a sharp rejoinder; but the politeness of an old innkeeper prevailed; and he held his peace and made answer with a civil gesture of the hand.

"I have," said the stranger. "And if I did not hold you in a particular esteem, I should make no words about the matter. It appears you pride yourself on staying where you are. You mean to stick by your inn. Now I mean you shall come for a turn with me in my barouche; and before this bottle's empty, so you shall."

"That would be an odd thing, to be sure," replied Will, with a chuckle. "Why, sir, I have grown here like an old oak-tree; the Devil himself could hardly root me up; and for all I perceive you are a very entertaining old gentleman, I would wager you another bottle you lose your pains with me."

The dimness of Will's eyesight had been increasing all this while; but he was somehow conscious of a sharp and chilling scrutiny which irritated and yet overmastered him.

"You need not think," he broke out suddenly, in an explosive, febrile manner that startled and alarmed himself, "that I am a stay-at-home because I fear anything under God. God knows I am tired enough of it all; and when the time comes for a longer journey than ever you dream of, I reckon I shall find myself prepared."

The stranger emptied his glass and pushed it away from him. He looked down for a little, and then, leaning over the table, tapped Will three times upon the forearm with a single finger. "The time has come!" he said, solemnly.

An ugly thrill spread from the spot he

touched. The tones of his voice were dull and startling, and echoed strangely in Will's heart.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with some discomposure. "What do you mean?"

"Look at me, and you will find your eyesight swim. Raise your hand; it is dead-heavy. This is your last bottle of wine, Master Will, and your last night upon the earth."

"You are a doctor?" quavered Will.

"The best that ever was," replied the other; "for I cure both mind and body with the same prescription. I take away all pain and I forgive all sins; and where my patients have gone wrong in life, I smooth out all complications and set them free again upon their feet."

"I have no need of you," said Will.

"A time comes for all men, Master Will," replied the doctor, "when the helm is taken out of their hands. For you, because you were prudent and quiet, it has been long of coming, and you have had long to discipline yourself for its reception. You have seen what is to be seen about your mill; you have sat close all your days like a hare in its form; but now that is at an end, and," added the doctor, getting on his feet, "you must arise and come with me."

"You are a strange physician," said Will, looking steadfastly upon his guest.

"I am a natural law," he replied, "and people call me Death."

"Why did you not tell me so at first?" cried Will. "I have been waiting for you these many years. Give me your hand, and welcome."

"Lean upon my arm," said the stranger, "for already your strength abates. Lean on me heavily as you need; for though I am old, I am very strong. It is but three steps to my carriage, and there all your trouble ends. Why, Will," he added, "I have been yearning for you as if you were my own son; and of all the men that ever I came for in my long days, I have come for you most gladly. I am caustic, and sometimes offend people at first sight; but I am a good friend at heart to such as you."

"Since Marjory was taken," returned Will, "I declare before God you were the only friend I had to look for."

So the pair went arm-in-arm across the courtyard.

One of the servants awoke about this time and heard the noise of horses pawing before he dropped asleep again; all down the valley that night there was a rushing as of a smooth and steady wind descending towards the plain; and when the world rose next morning, sure enough Will o' the Mill had gone at last upon his travels.

RESURGAM

BY GEORGIANA WOOD ADAMS

When grief has wrapped my spirit in a shroud,
And the tense parting with a hope is past,
Let me not molder where the tears fall fast,
Or swell the ranks of any useless crowd;

Nor let the stoic rule my darkened room
With his stern silences, or seal the way
Of agony with granite, as did they
Who locked the living fast within a tomb;

Nor let me in those solitudes find rest
Where poetry's enchantments break in prose,
Where parts are played by waiting—nor dispose
These willful hands too humbly on my breast.

Ah no! But bear me up those mighty steeps
Which from the Valley of the Shadow rise,
In time for one more stirring enterprise,
Not dead, but as a warrior who sleeps.

Letters to The Outlook

CHILD LABOR IN THE SOUTH

Captain Ellison A. Smyth's letter to The Outlook of March 30 on "Child Labor in the South" calls for a brief reply, as he questions both my knowledge of the conditions and the spirit of fairness in my article of February 16 on the same subject. I shall not enter into another discussion of the conflicting estimates as to the number of children employed in the Southern mills. The Government investigation, which the National Child Labor Committee earnestly advocated and the manufacturing interests vehemently opposed, ought to determine which is right. I simply call attention to the fact that the same manufacturers report over 200,000 operatives to their trade journal and 123,000 to the census department the same year, and I have taken the larger figure as nearer the truth from my own knowledge. For instance, I have actually seen in one cigar factory in Tampa, Florida, more children at work than the manufacturers report—nineteen in all—for all the cigar factories in the State.

With regard to my statement that "the same class and quality of goods made in the South and in the East bring a considerably lower price when made in the South, through the bad reputation that Southern mills have won for the indifferent product of unskilled, that is, child, labor," Captain Smyth says: "Indisputable proof could be furnished that the statement is wide of the facts and grossly incorrect." The Hon. Murphy Candler, of the Georgia Senate, a practical cotton manufacturer, made the statement on the floor of the Senate, and challenged contradiction from his manufacturer colleagues, that Southern cotton goods brought from two to three cents a pound less than the same quality of goods from Eastern mills. The Hon. W. A. Covington, member of the Georgia House of Representatives, told me that a mill with which he was connected was ordered by its Northern selling agents to conceal the fact that its goods were made in Georgia, as they had been passing them off as Eastern goods. On March 21 of this year Mr. Garrett Andrews, of Chattanooga, who was chosen to represent the Tennessee manufacturers in their opposition to the passage of a nine-hour law for children under sixteen, said before the legislative committee, in my hearing, that the same cotton goods brought one and a half cents a pound less in the South than when manufactured in the North, arguing that Tennessee manufacturers should not be put at a further disadvantage with their Northern competitors. I do not deny that individual Southern mills have earned a better reputation, and therefore get better prices.

At an address at Cooper Union, February 16, 1905, I said: "I was told not long ago by a leading dealer in cotton-mill machinery that a spooler had been put upon the market with adjustable legs for small help." Says Captain Smyth in his letter to The Outlook: "I first alluded to the statement of Spargo in his book, 'The Bitter Cry of the Children,' on the authority of Dr. A. J. McKelway, that the spinning-frames in the Southern cotton-mills had adjustable legs, so as to be lowered to the floor for the convenience of the small children. I clearly demonstrated the absurdity of this statement, and the ignorance of conditions and the spirit of unfairness that prompted it." Captain Smyth should consider Captain Sigsbee's proverb, "It is better to know than to think." If he will turn to Draper's "Textile Texts," edition of 1901, page 183, he will find the advertisement of a spooler with the following description: "Another important feature of our construction is the use of adjustable legs in the frame so that the height of the machine may be suited to the operative. Small help is used in some mills and full-grown help in others. The motions required in spooling are very fatiguing if the spindles are not at a proper height for easy manipulation, and this height necessarily varies with the height of the attendant."

Captain Smyth seems inclined to boast that the present child labor law in South Carolina was enacted "largely through the influence of the manufacturers themselves." Captain Smyth will not deny that the law was a compromise measure, that it began with a ten-year age limit, gradually increasing to a twelve-year age limit, that the hours are sixty-six a week, which means twelve hours a day for the first five days of the week, and that children of any age who are unfortunate enough to be orphans or the children of dependent parents are allowed to work in the mills. So that to-day a six-year-old orphan or the child of a disabled father is allowed, by law, to work twelve hours a day in the South Carolina cotton-mills. Nor will Captain Smyth deny that during the session of the Legislature of South Carolina in January he argued before the committee against raising the age limit to fourteen years and against the immediate reduction of the hours to sixty a week for children. I have his argument before me as I write.

A. J. McKelway.

Atlanta, Georgia.

TOUGALOO UNIVERSITY

A company of about thirty gentlemen and ladies from the North, including ministers and business men, recently made, at their own expense, a tour of some of the schools of the American Missionary Association in the South—Fisk at Nashville, Straight at New Orleans, Piedmont at Demorest, Georgia, Atlanta Theological Seminary, Talladega at Talladega, Alabama, Le Moyne at Memphis, Tennessee, and Tougaloo at Tougaloo, Mississippi.

The last-named school is differently situated from the others, being in the country seven miles from Jackson, the capital of the State. It is on the main line of travel, but not on the main line of travelers, for there is no town there, and the fast through trains do not stop. One must usually take a slower train from Jackson or some point North. Tougaloo, consequently, has few visitors and its work is not so well known as it deserves to be.

It was, then, an occasion of no small moment when this company of visitors descended from their special car on March 4 and spent some hours in making acquaintance with the school and its work. Arriving at noon, the afternoon session afforded but little opportunity of seeing the best work of the school, but the opportunity was well employed, and the visitors expressed themselves as much pleased with what they saw in the way of accomplishment and impressed with what they saw in the way of the necessities of the school, particularly in the equipment of the industrial departments and the condition of Strieby Hall, the latter being only partially ready for its intended and sorely needed use as an assembly and recitation building for the academy.

An occasion of special interest was the dedication of the new dormitory for the boys, for which they have waited so long. The building bears the name of Galloway Hall, after Bishop Galloway, of the Methodist Church, a steadfast friend of the school and of the race for which the school was established, an eminent citizen of the State, and a wise and devoted Christian leader. It was a matter of great regret that the Bishop could not be present at the dedication. He had not returned from Florida and Cuba, where he had been spending some months for the recovery of his health, impaired by his labors to the point of extreme danger. The dedicatory address was delivered in the church by the Rev. Dr. De Witt S. Clarke, of Salem, Massachusetts. Other brief addresses followed from the visitors and some gentlemen from Jackson, who manifested by their presence and words their interest and sympathy with the work of the school. It was a happy feature of the day that representatives of the North and the South should thus come together.

In the evening the usual mid-year concert was given by the University Chorus, numbering over one hundred, composed of the students of the college and academy. Then the visitors went to their car to be taken on their way to other schools.

Those who were visited cannot say what impression was left on the minds of the visitors, but they testify to the great enjoyment and benefit which they themselves received from even the few hours of such companionship, from the hearty words of appreciation, and the breath of an unaccustomed and bracing life thus breathed upon them. It is rarely that the colored students are made to feel in such a way the personal interest of men and women of Christian culture and large practical success in life. Such a visit means far more to them than the pleasant occupation of a day. It brings a new sense of being part of the world represented by such friends, an addition to the sense of fellowship in an experience where fellowship is not very abundant, a widening of their horizon, and an ennobling of their estimate of life and of their own work and possibilities.

C. H.

AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS: A LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TRUSTEES

I am told that statements have appeared in the American press to the effect that the American Rhodes scholars have failed to give satisfaction here, have distinguished themselves in nothing except athletics, and compare unfavorably with Rhodes scholars from elsewhere. I would ask you of your courtesy to allow me to contradict these statements. My position as Oxford Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees brings me into touch both with the colleges and with the Rhodes scholars themselves, and gives me a quite special opportunity for knowing the facts. It is difficult to speak in terms of results, for the simple reason that few of the men—indeed, only some half-dozen out of eighty—have as yet arrived at the examinations which are to provide those results. Relying, however, partly on the few results to which we can already point, partly on reports which I have received from college tutors, and partly on my own observations, I have no hesitation in saying that the American Rhodes scholars as a body are regarded by the colleges and the university as a valuable addition to Oxford life, that they are recognized as being at once able and strenuous, and that in respect neither of ability nor of strenuous endeavor do they yield anything to their brother Rhodes scholars from elsewhere. To represent them as successful only in athletics is absurd. One or two certainly have done extremely well in the athletic line; others have been useful college performers at football, lawn-tennis, or rowing. But their real contribution to the life of Oxford has not been athletic distinction, but a sense of purpose, and a certain freshness of intellectual interest. I do not pretend that all the American Rhodes scholars have been equally able, or even equally strenuous. Who would expect that? I speak of them in the only way that I can—as a whole, and on the average. Up to the present, as I have already explained, we have few actual examination results to which to point. Those, however, to which we can point are distinctly encouraging.

Five Americans took the final honor examination for the B.A. degree last June. Of these five three took the examination a year before the usual time, allowing themselves rather less than one year instead of the normal two years in which to prepare for it. The results were as follows: 2 First Classes, 1 Second, 1 Fourth, and 1 failure. In addition, one American Rhodes scholar took the B.C.L. degree, and another the B.Sc. This last is a distinction at least equivalent to a first class in a final honor school. By any one who understands the conditions these results can only be regarded as eminently creditable. Two of the Americans, I may add, have within the last six months been appointed demonstrators at the University Museum, one (Mr. J. A. Brown, of New Hampshire) under the Wykeham Professor of Physics, the other (Mr. H. A. Hinds, of North Dakota) under the Professor of Geology. These last appointments are unquestionably among the one or two leading distinctions won by Rhodes scholars of any nationality.

I have received reports from many college tutors which, along with some inevitable differences, agree in their appreciation of the spirit in which the American Rhodes scholars as a whole approach their work, and of the general influence which they exercise upon the life of their colleges. I close my letter with a few words quoted from a letter which I have received from the President of Magdalen College, who is the present Vice-Chancellor of the University: "I am glad to hear that you are writing to some of the American papers refuting the statements which have appeared over there that we are not satisfied with the Rhodes scholars, and that we think they have failed to distinguish themselves here except in athletics. My acquaintance with them is not, indeed, very large or long, for they have not been very long here, and I am of course very much preoccupied; but I have, as it happens, seen something of them both in my college and at other colleges, and of course I hear and note a good deal about them in other ways. Giving my impressions for what they are worth, I should certainly say that they are an intellectual class; and I can say with confidence that if the system had only brought to Oxford some few whom I have come across here, it would have gone far to justify itself on intellectual grounds. I do not think I ought to attempt to say more at present. We must remember that the system is, after all, still very young."

F. J. WYLIE,
Oxford Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees.

TUSKEGEE

Rather disturbed and unsettled conditions in the South, so far as the race is concerned, have made me feel that it is my duty to remain South during the greater part of the year; this I have done. I have spent my time at the school, and in traveling and speaking to mixed audiences of both races in various parts of the South. I feel that I have in this way accomplished great good, and I am quite sure, by reason of the work of many broad and patriotic white and colored men, that the relations at present are much more satisfactory and settled; but the time I have spent in this way has prevented my getting into the Northern and Western States in the way I usually do, for the purpose of getting contributions for the work of Tuskegee Institute. The result is that we are much more in need of funds for current expenses than usual.

The President of one of the State universities in the South recently said to a friend: "Say to Professor Washington that I wish he could spend the next six or eight months or longer, if possible, speaking in the South. He is needed badly here now. I feel that the sentiment is growing better, and he knows what to say to help further this good feeling."

Our needs are in two directions: first, fifty-dollar scholarships with which to pay the tuition of students through school; and, second, money with which to increase our endowment fund so it will not be necessary to spend so much of my time away from the school collecting money for its current expenses.

Any money, whether in large or small sums, sent for these purposes will be of great help to our work, and highly appreciated.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Principal.

A PLEA FOR UNCONSCIOUS SLAVES

Please permit me to dissent from the ably written editorial in The Outlook for April 6 on "Women and Politics." I seriously question the right of withholding the ballot from women, even if a large majority of them shrink from assuming political and civic responsibilities. To my mind, those who thus shrink afford thereby but evidences of their psychological enthralldom. As a class, women have not yet awakened to the fact that they are really free or can be free, that they have in themselves the possibility of as much independent existence as the other sex enjoys. Now, is it right to withhold from the thoroughly emancipated woman the right to govern herself, simply because her backward sisters, even though they may be in the majority, shrink from exercising the political prerogatives that of a right belong to the new womanhood? Miss Stephen, whom you quote, seems to think that the bestowal of the ballot upon women will work injustice or hardship upon those of the sex who shrink from political duty. Is it necessary or imperative, however, that the timid woman, the overly feminine woman, the psychologically unemancipated woman, avail herself of her prerogative of voting? We condone more or less political passivity in men. Why should we not do so cheerfully in the case of women, remembering that they have been sorely oppressed for ages and that they should not be expected one and all, therefore, to rise at once to the full stature of perfectly free womanhood? The fully emancipated woman wants the ballot. By all means let her have it, and let us wait as patiently as possible for the fuller development of the woman who is still ever and anon casting her eyes backward to that retarded frontier of social advance where she dwelt so long in subjection to the authority of man. Shall we deny to the enlightened, intelligent woman who wants to govern herself, the right that in the United States is granted to the ignorant foreigner and the lowly negro? Is it right that the college-bred and cultivated negro woman of some Northern city should have no voice in the government, while the negro criminal of the South is a voter? Is it right that the intelligent women of whatever race or color should have no right to express a choice as to who shall be the Mayor of their city, the Governor of their State, or the President of the United States, while ignorant, irresponsible men, in spite of the Australian ballot system, are voted by the party boss?

In my opinion, running the government is in this age no more the work of men than it is of women. The designations *women's work* and *men's work* are but marks of a psychological lagging behind the times. Division of occupations on a basis of sex has long ago begun to break down. A woman lawyer pleads, and pleads ably, cases at law; while a man does the cleaning and scrubbing in the apartment-house where the woman lawyer lives. A woman administers the finances of Kansas City, Kansas, while men bake our bread.

As for the danger of a contest in politics between the sexes, such a thing is in my opinion an impossibility, for the real welfare of the two sexes is one and the same thing. If there does arise a struggle having reference to sex privileges, it will not be a struggle between the sexes, but a struggle between two parties made up of both sexes, one party recognizing the right, and, yea, the expediency too—for citizens inherit both from mother and father—the right and the expediency of the fullest freedom for woman, consistent with her health and morals; while in the other party will be found those whose mental processes are impeded by some vestige of the long bygone ages, when woman was the mere slave and creature of man, those who are possessed perhaps of some of the spirit that made it possible for a mediæval church council to debate the question as to whether women had souls.

Some women, having risen to the full stature of the new, freer womanhood, demand the ballot. They should have it. The English, the American woman, the woman in every enlightened country in this advanced twentieth century, has as much moral right to vote as has man; and England and the United States will continue to be democracies but in name as long as their women are denied equal political rights with men.

RAYMOND V. PHELAN.

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